

SMASH

SM
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12



DECEMBER
No. 68

COMICS

MIDNIGHT
GAMBLES WITH
ATOMIC DICE!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

GABBY



DOC WACKY



MIDNIGHT



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES—I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!

SAY! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE. WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH--

-- WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!

AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!

- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!

K-CHOO!

CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

PEPSI SEZ:

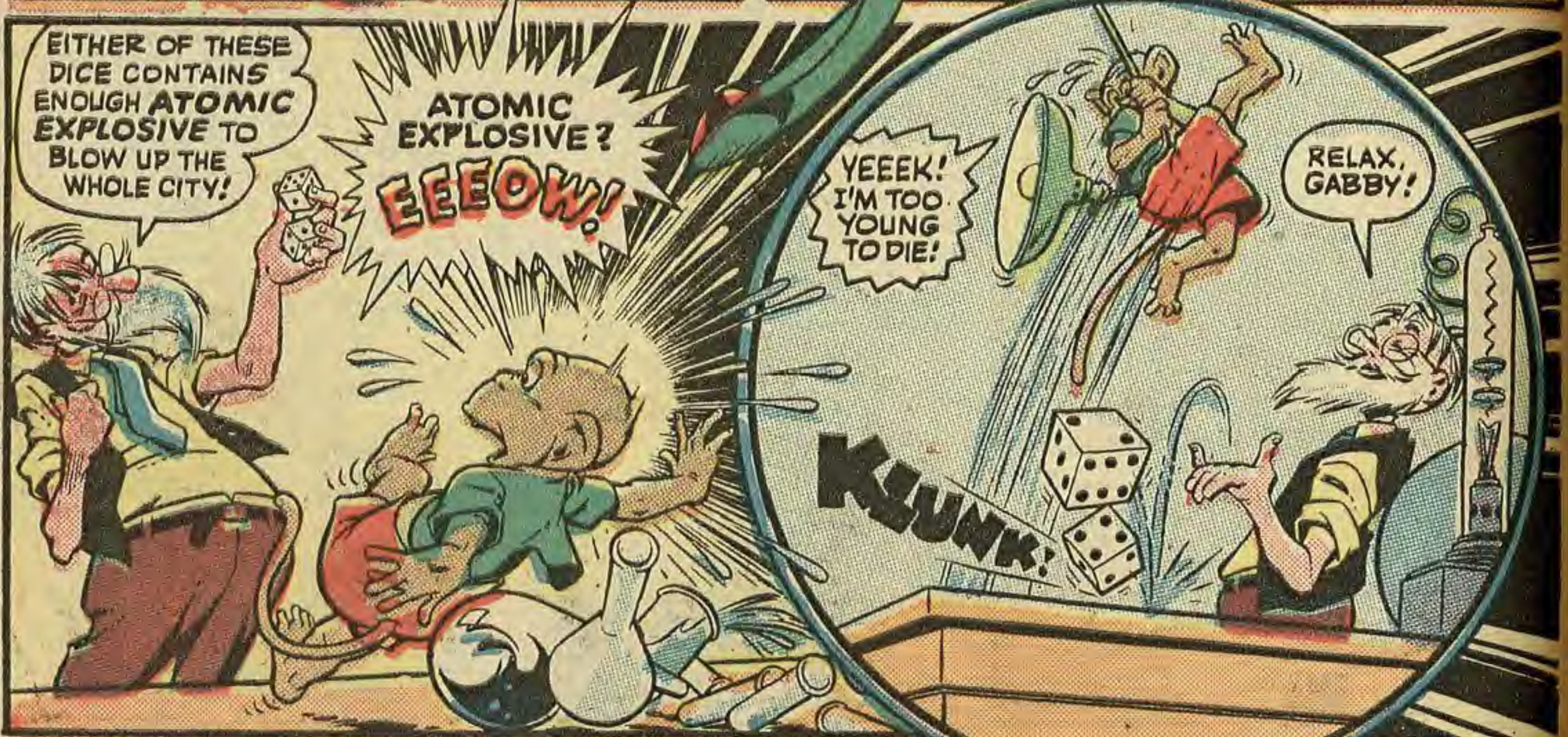
DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON—ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

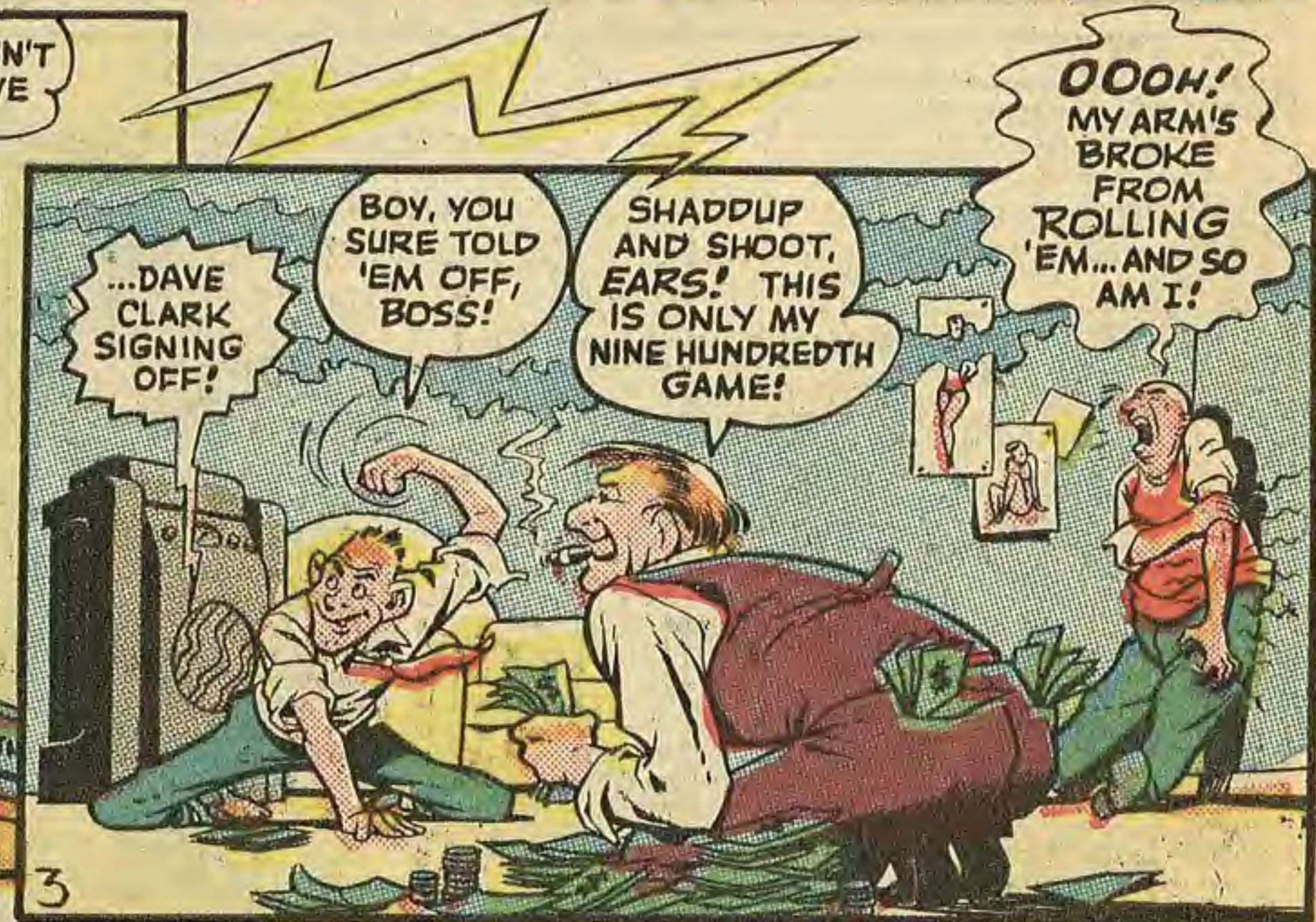
MIDNIGHT

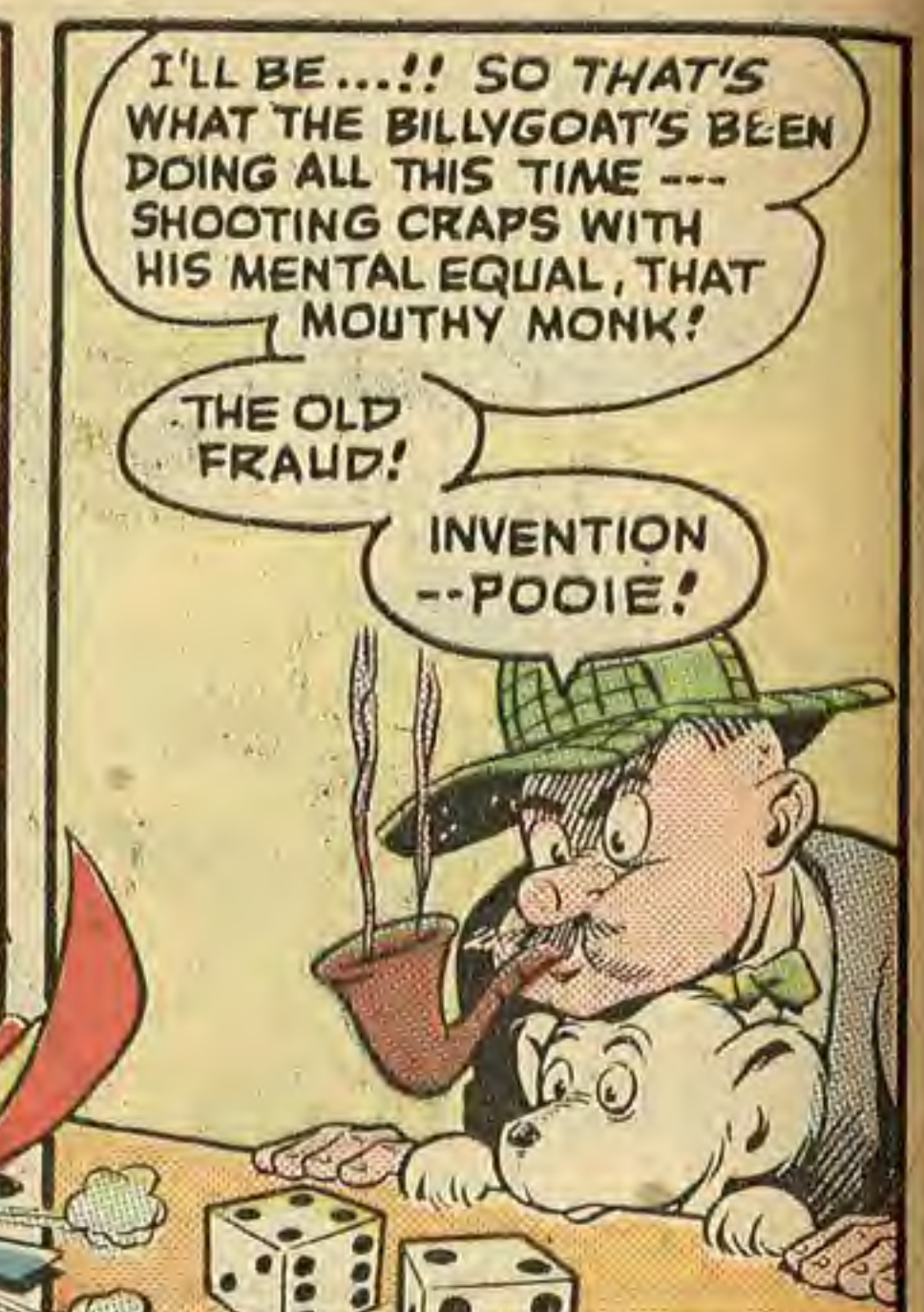
and the

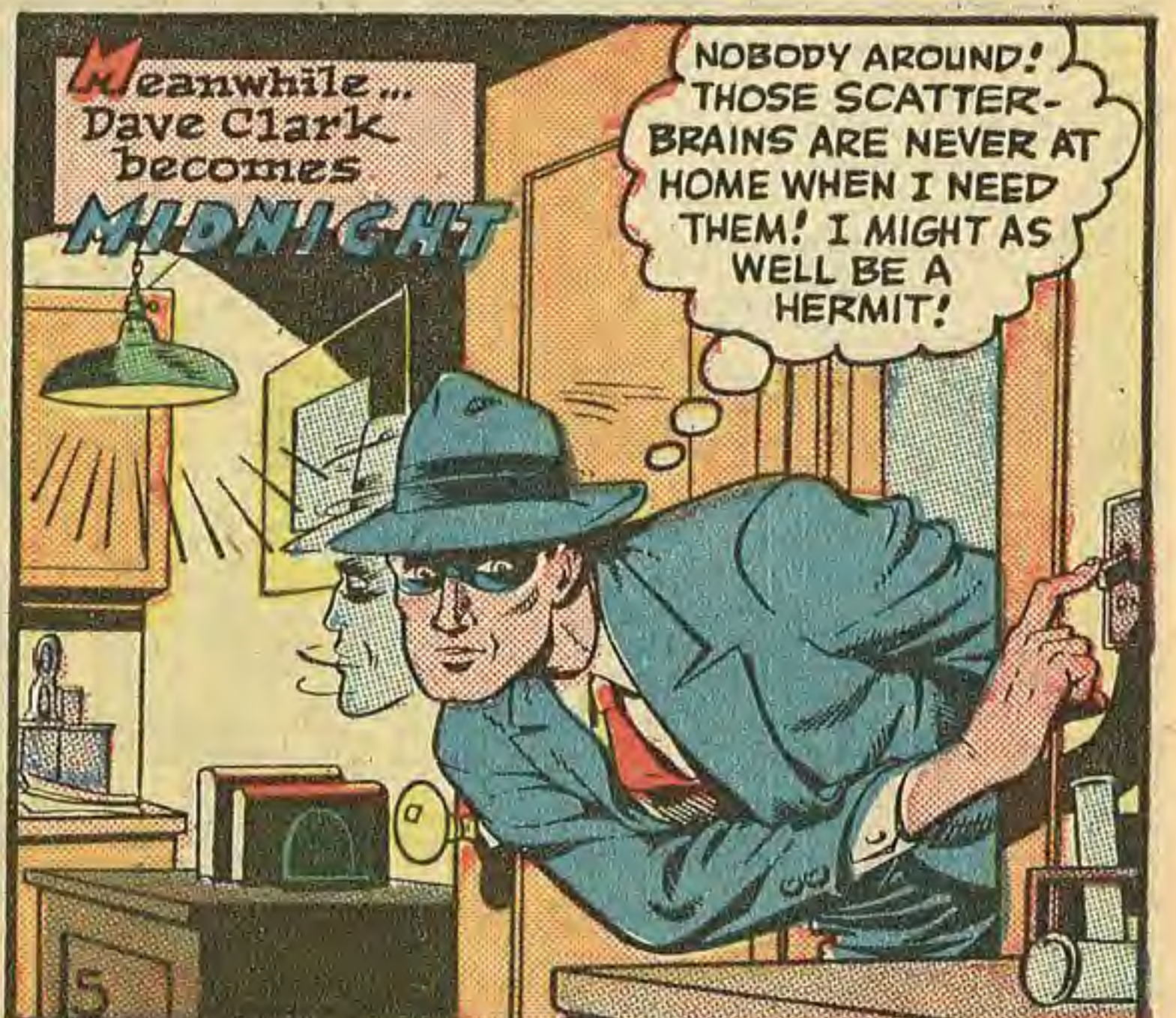
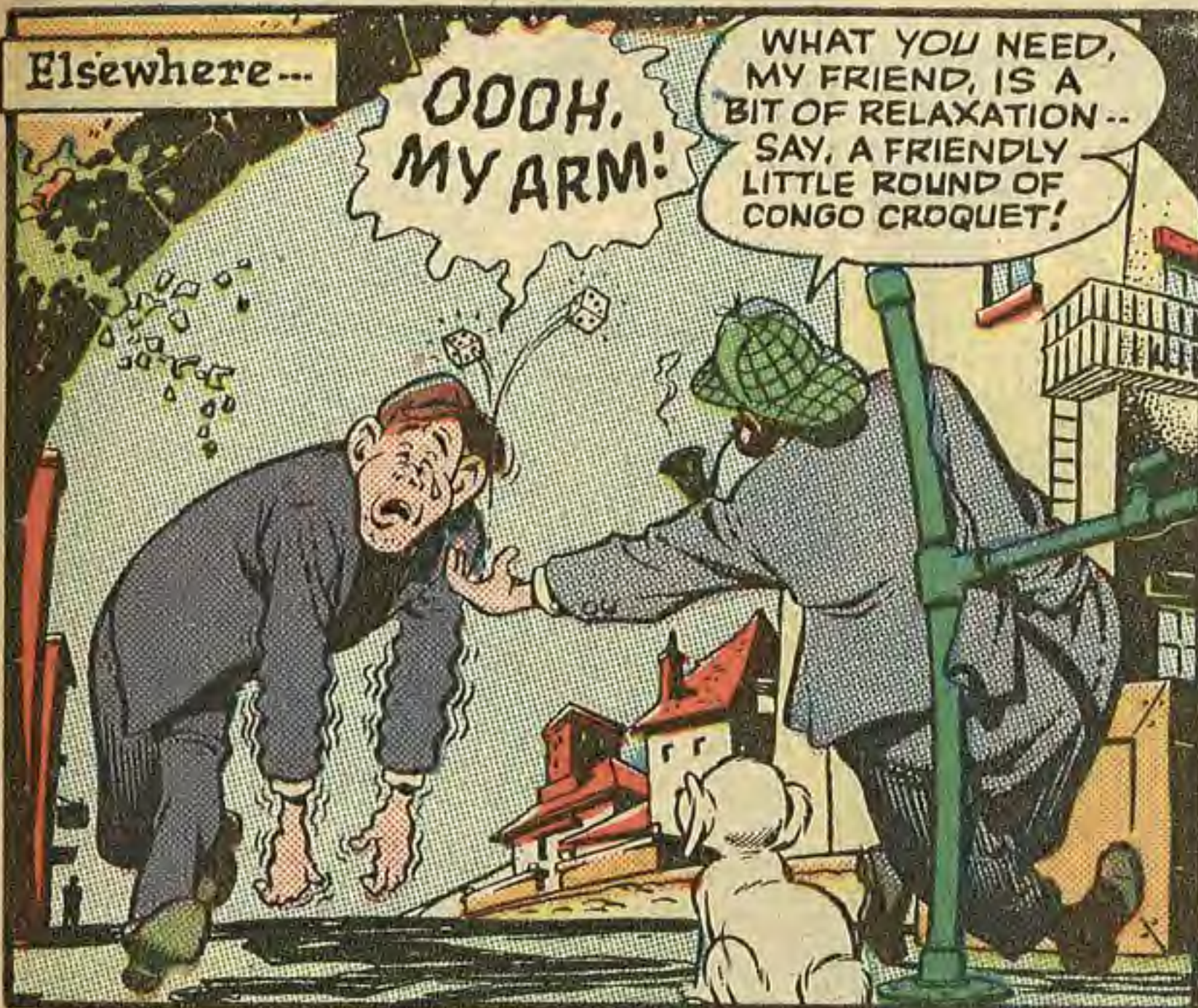
Atomic Dice!

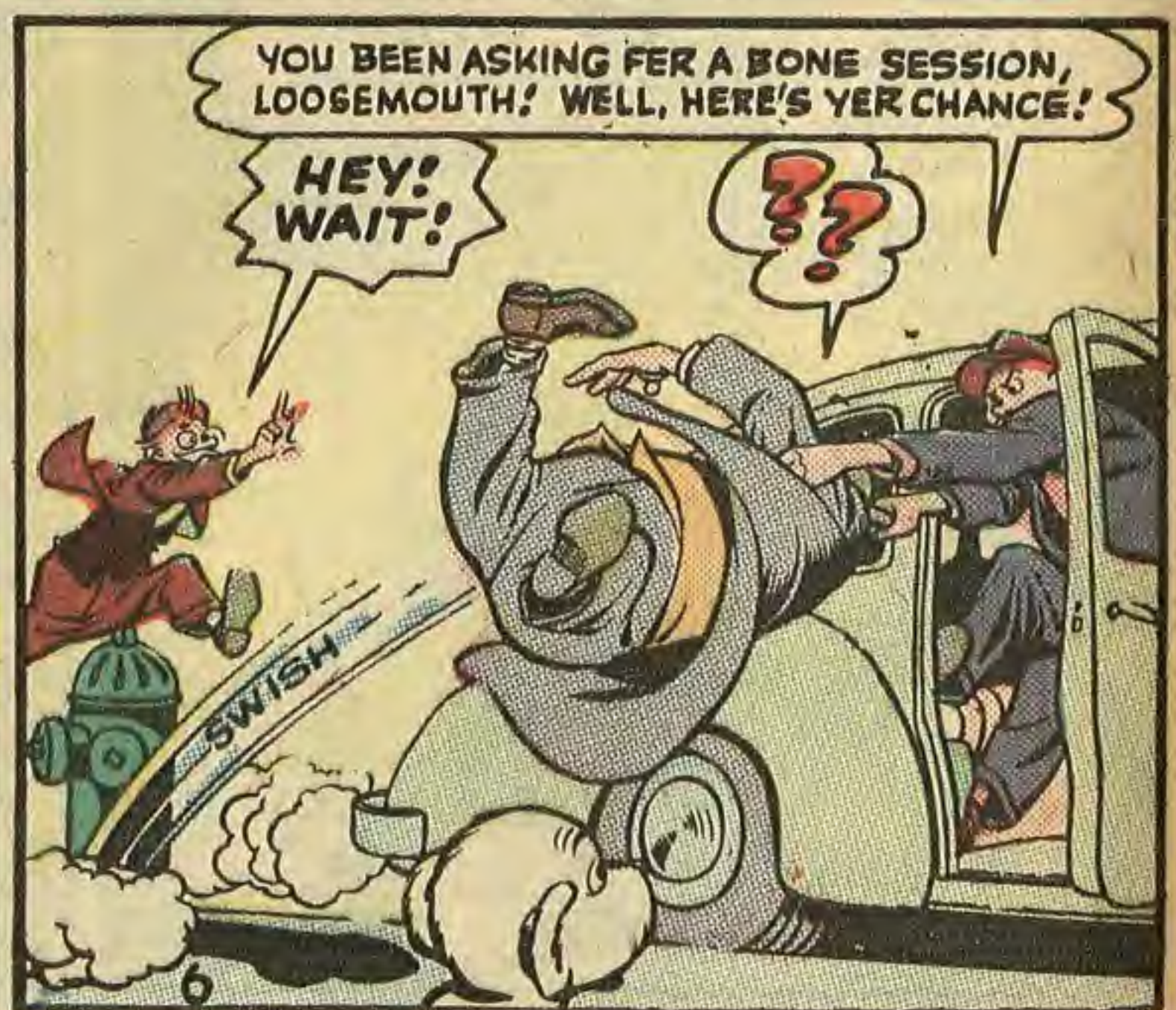
What a day! Doc and Gabby were out hunting international spies ... **MIDNIGHT** was tied up with a slight case of mass murder ... and Sniffer Snoop was somewhere, shooting craps with a pair of atomic bombs!

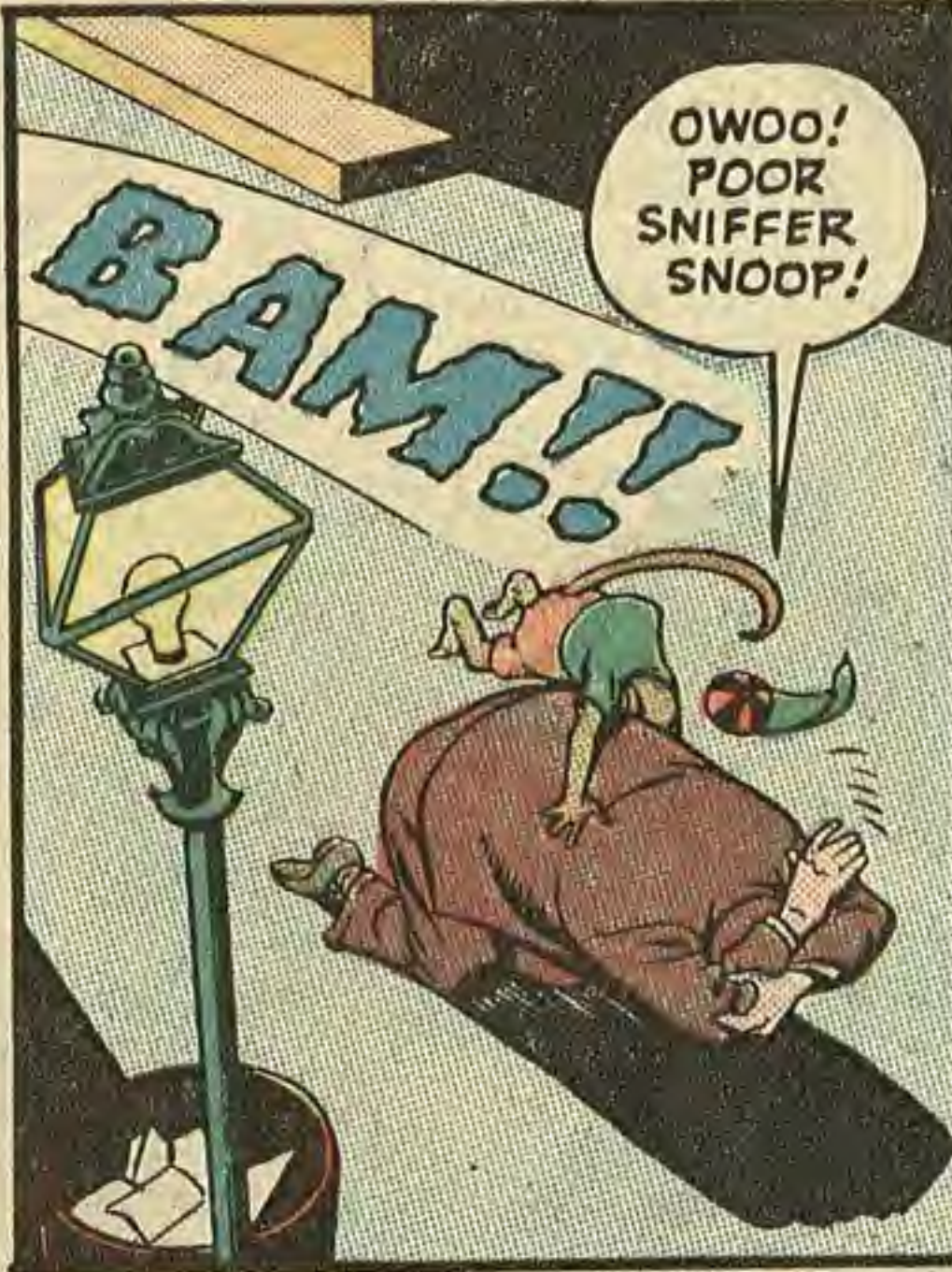


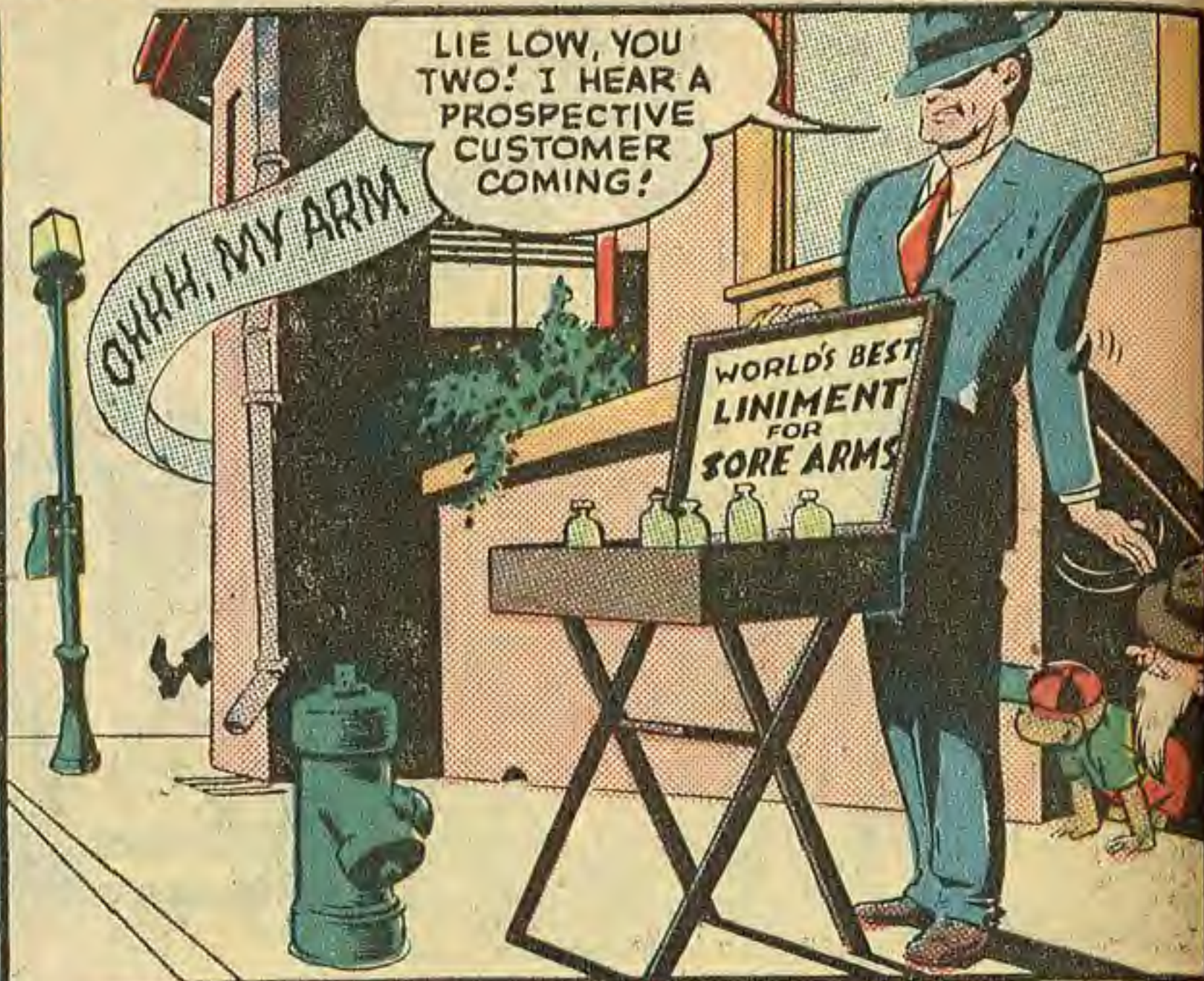


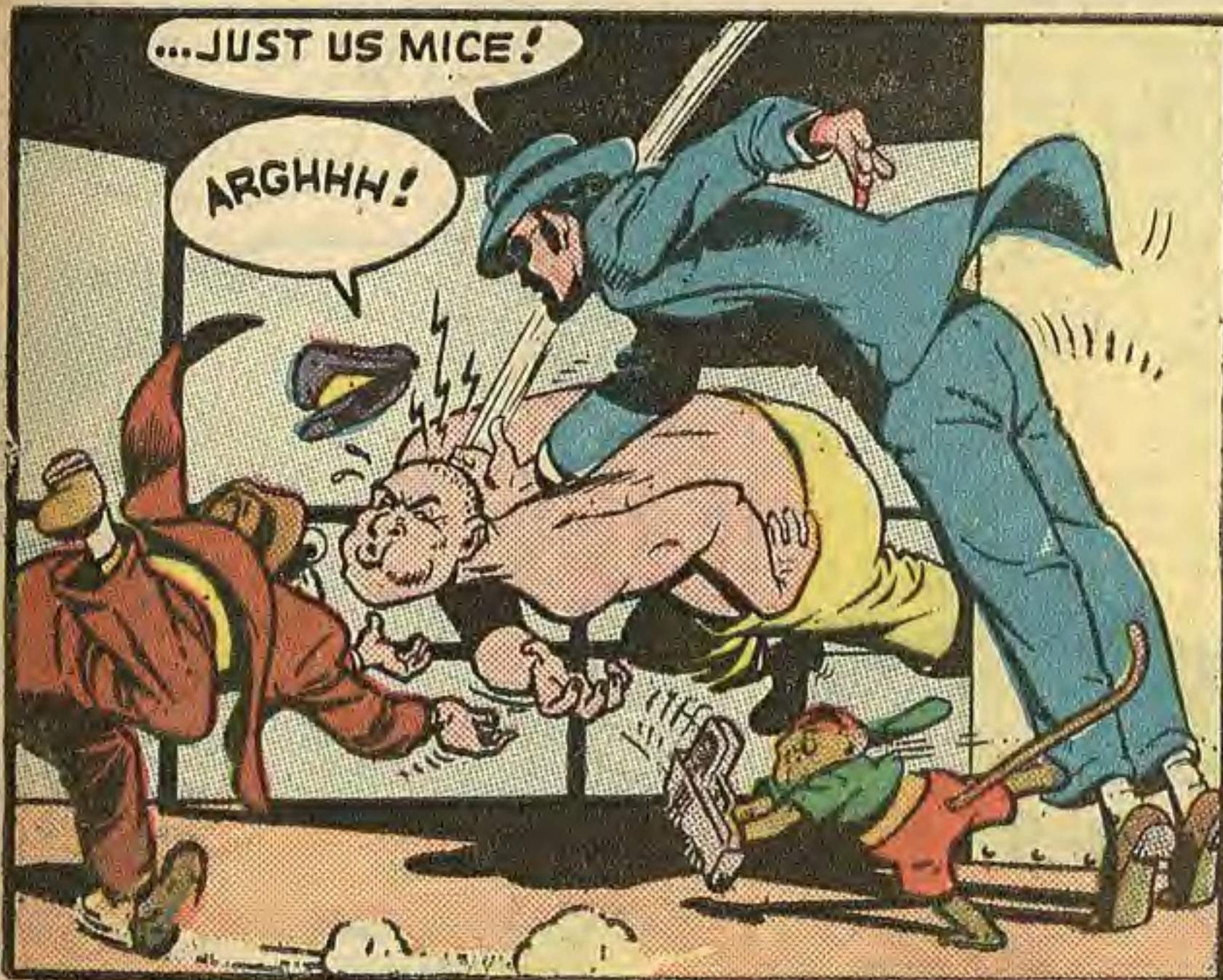
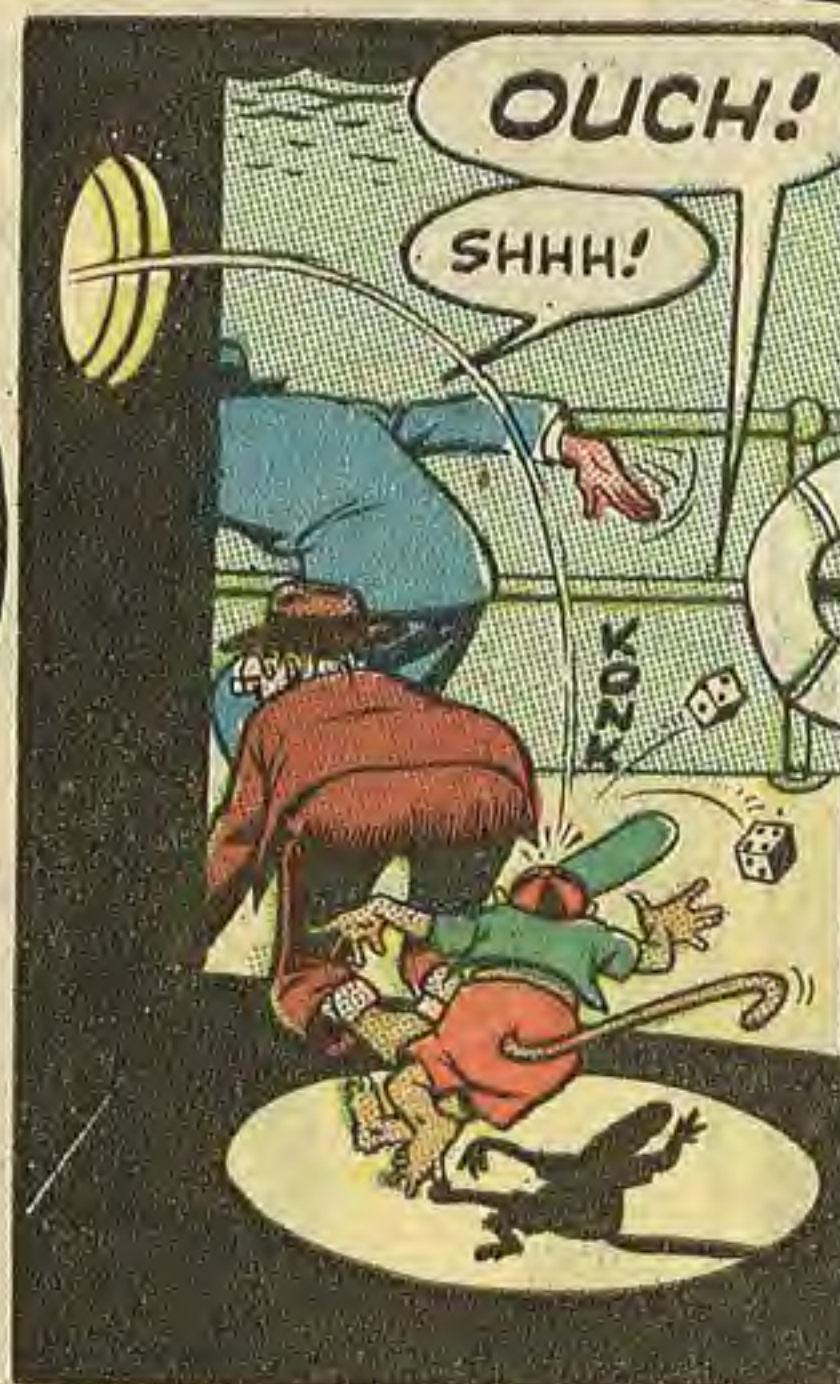
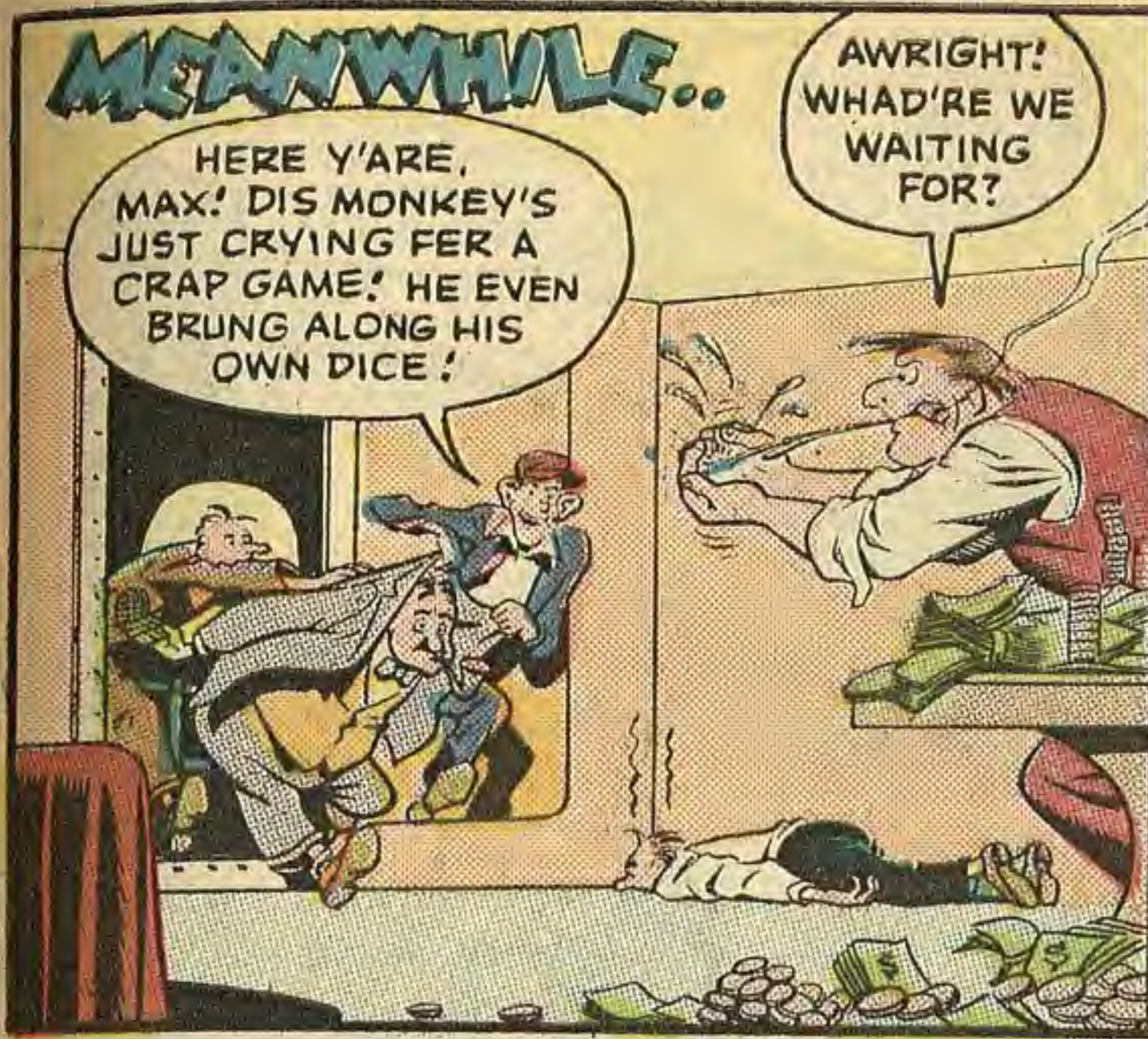


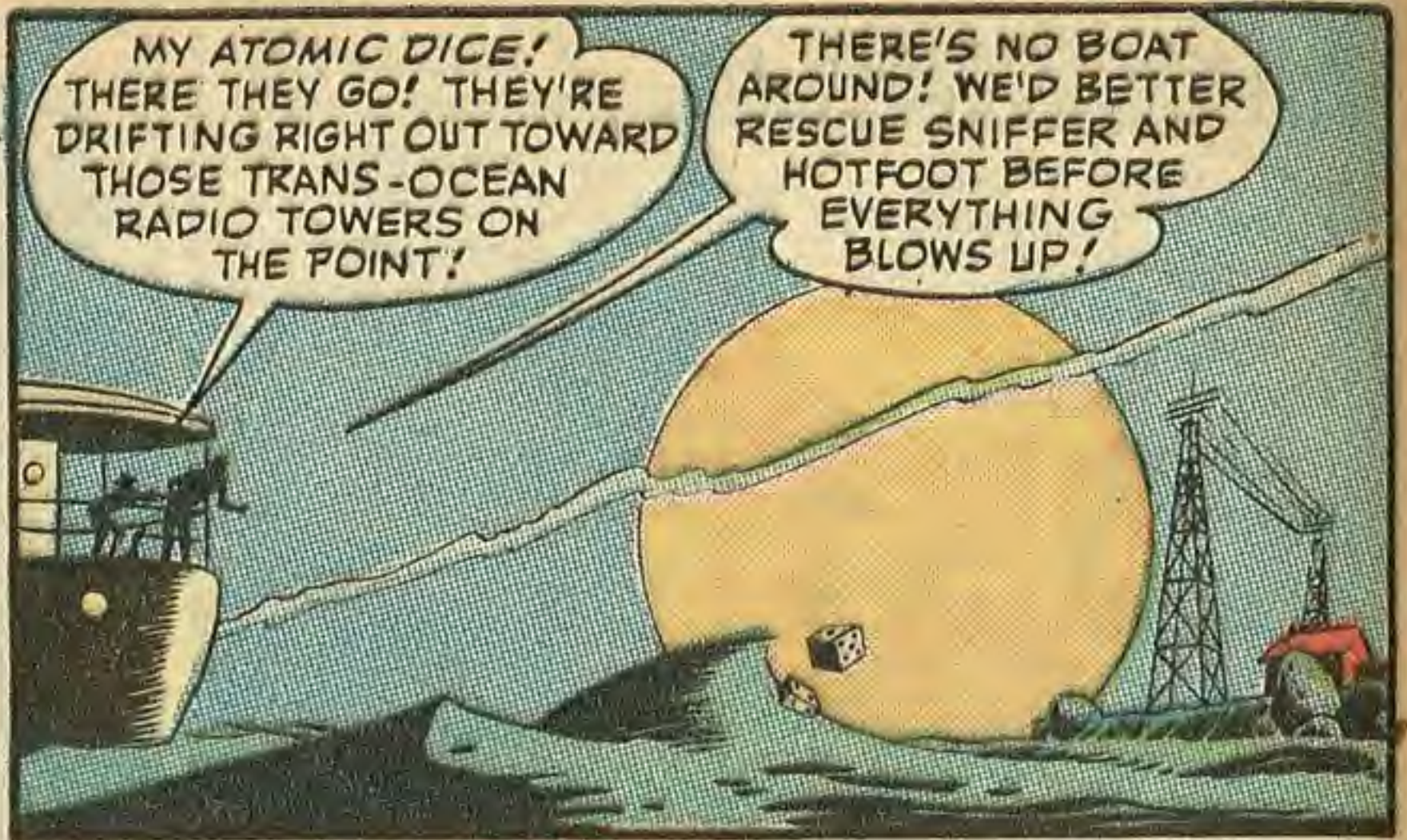


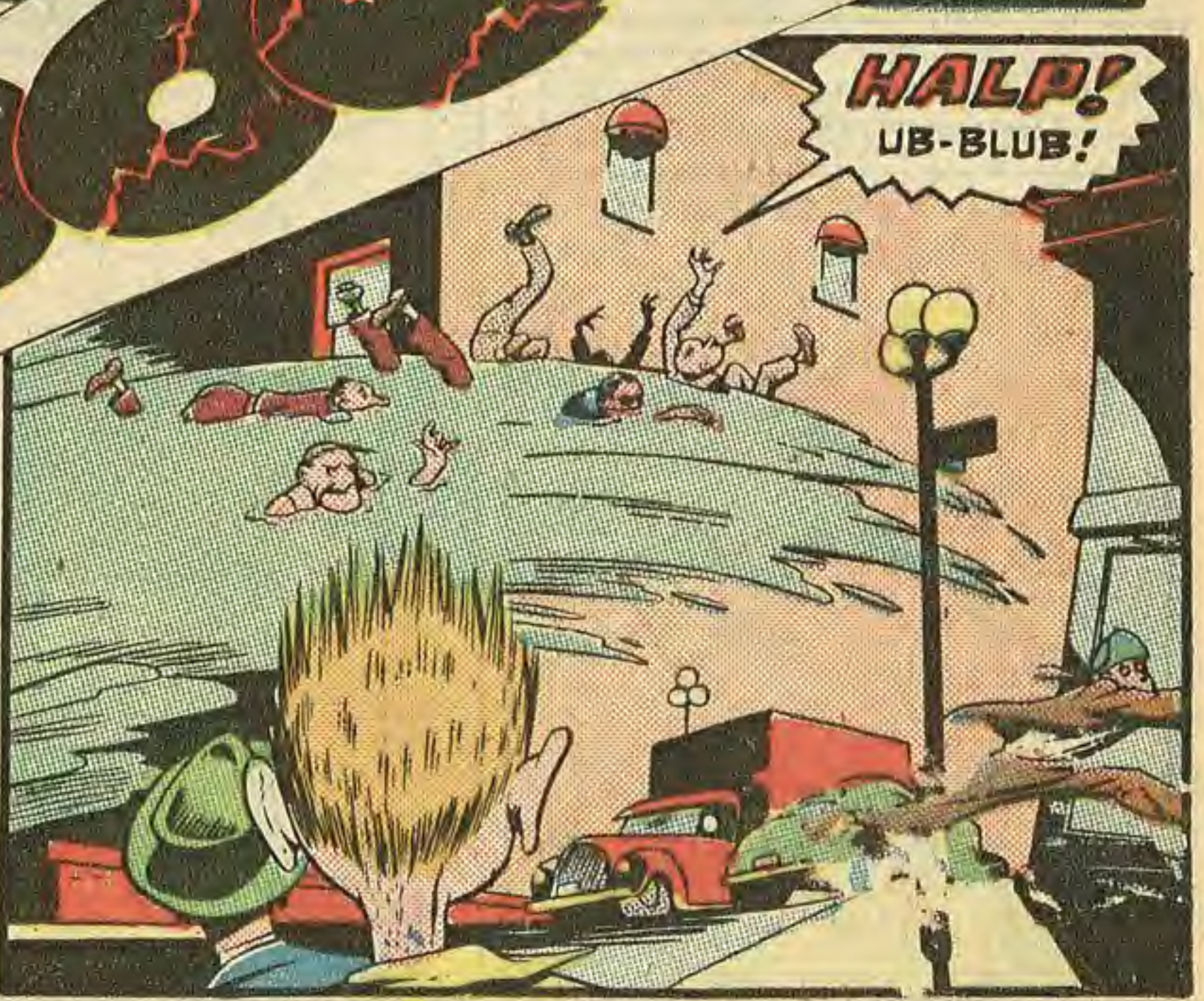
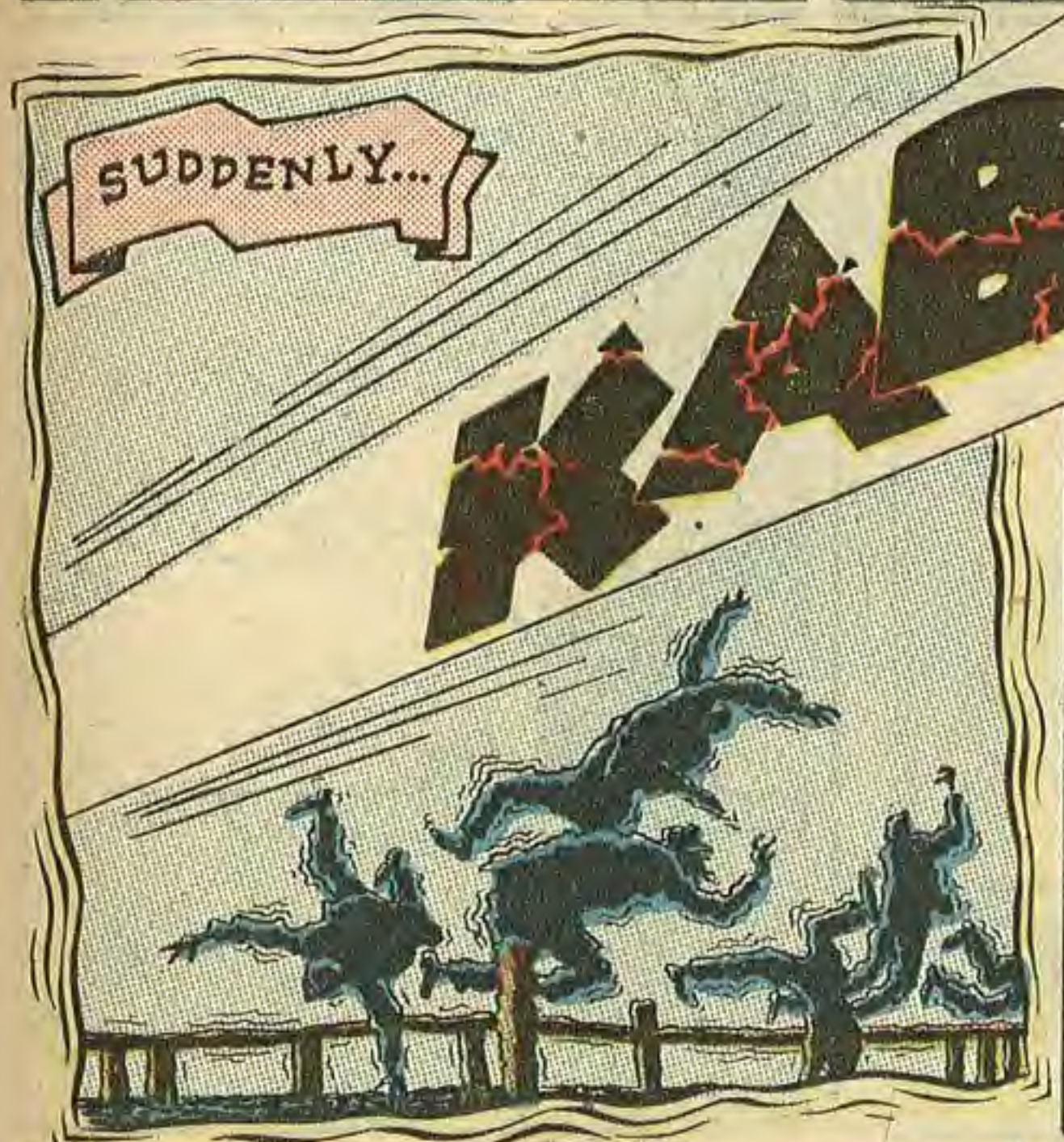
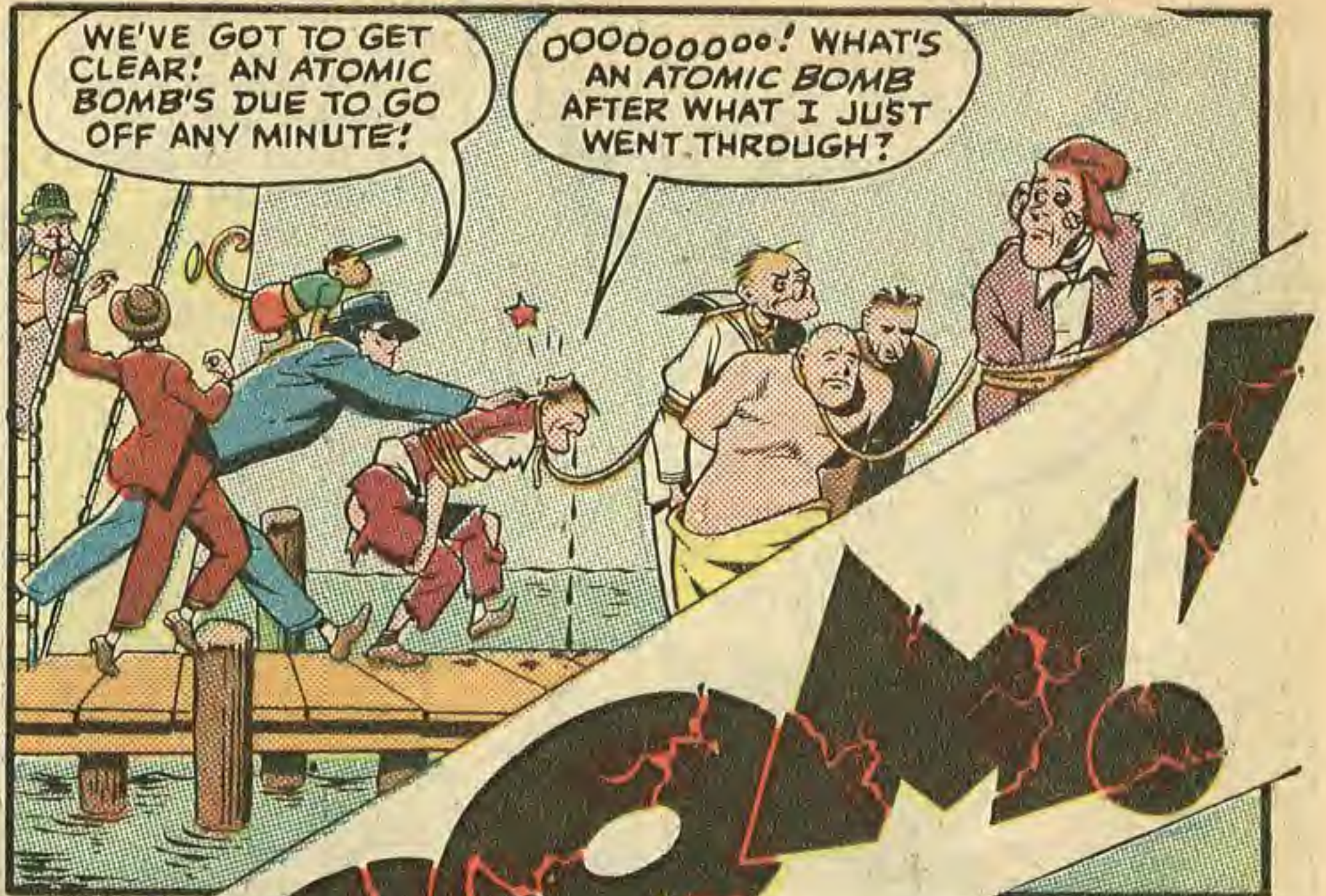
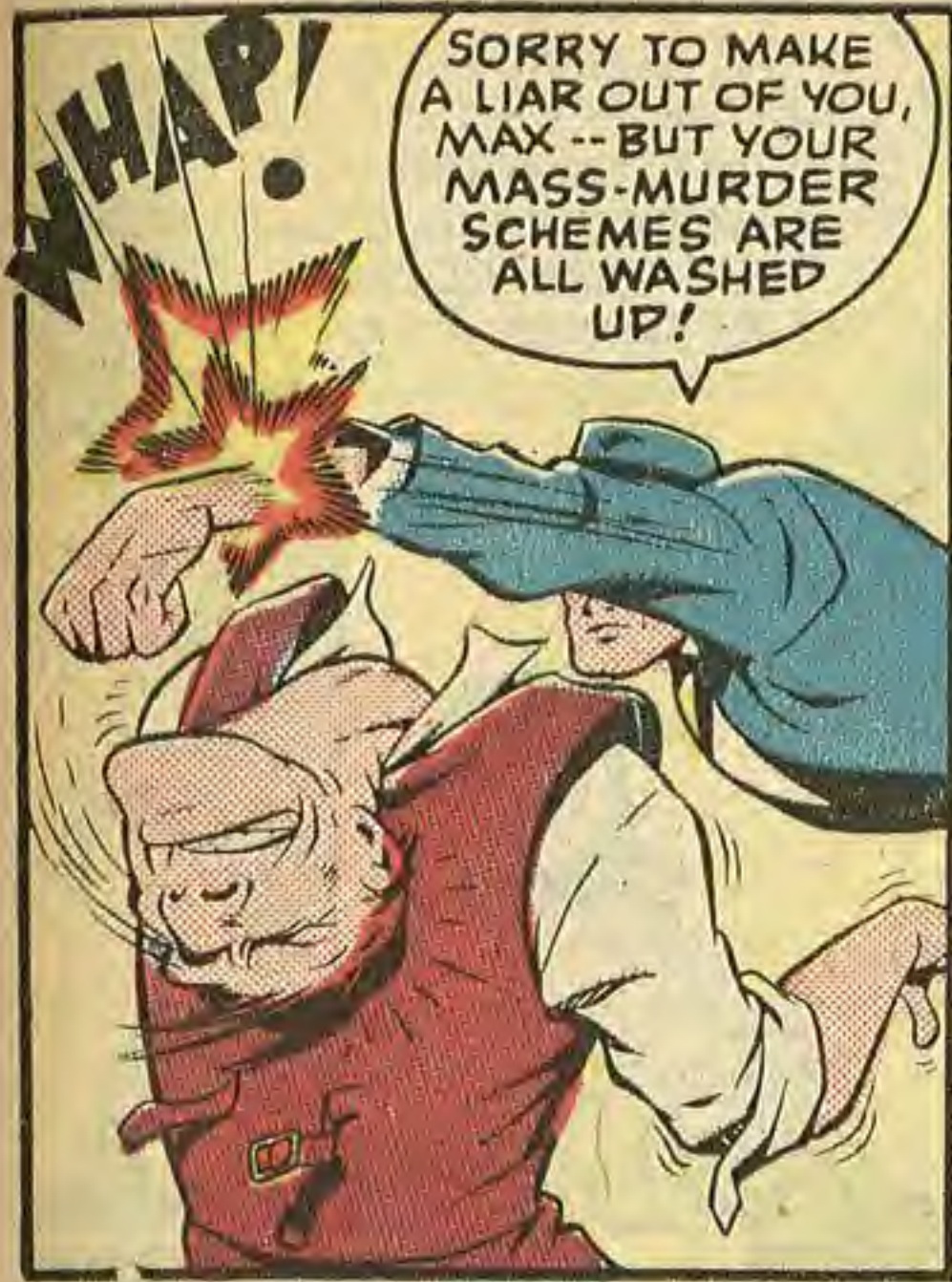




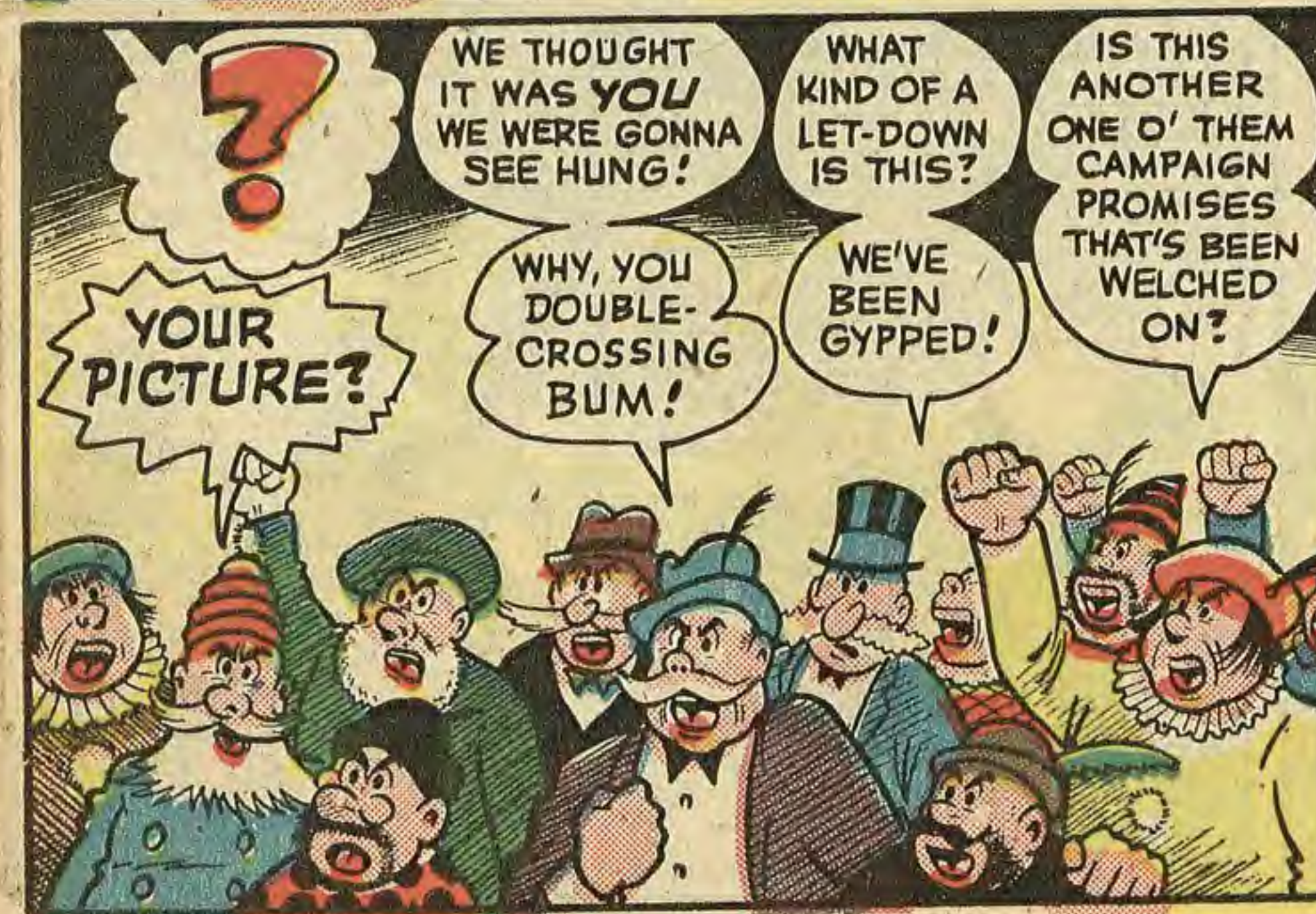
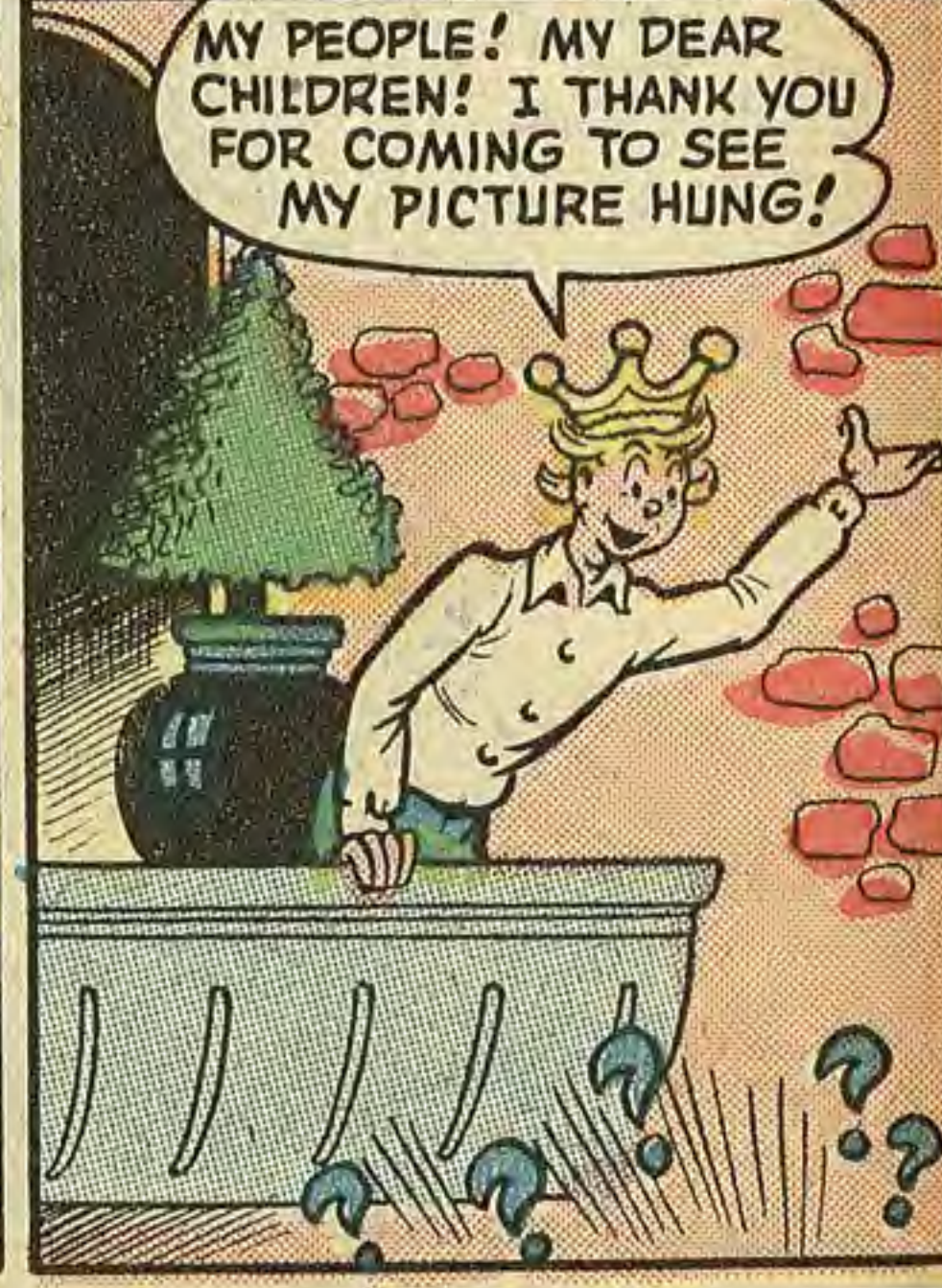
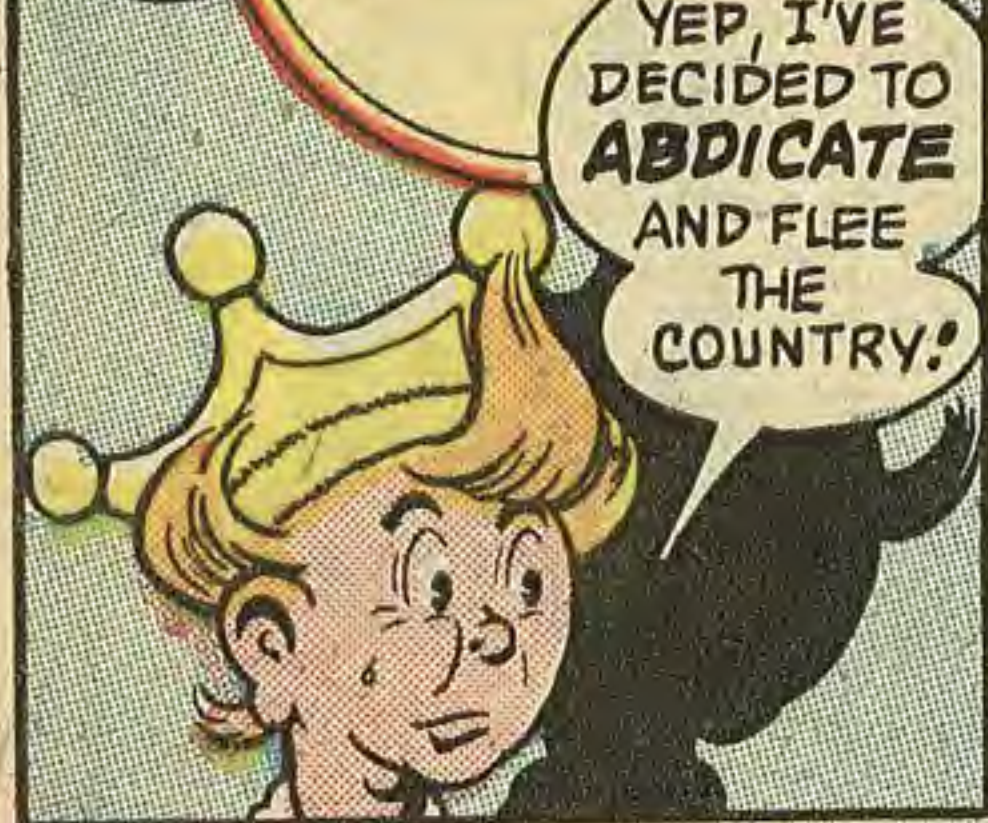






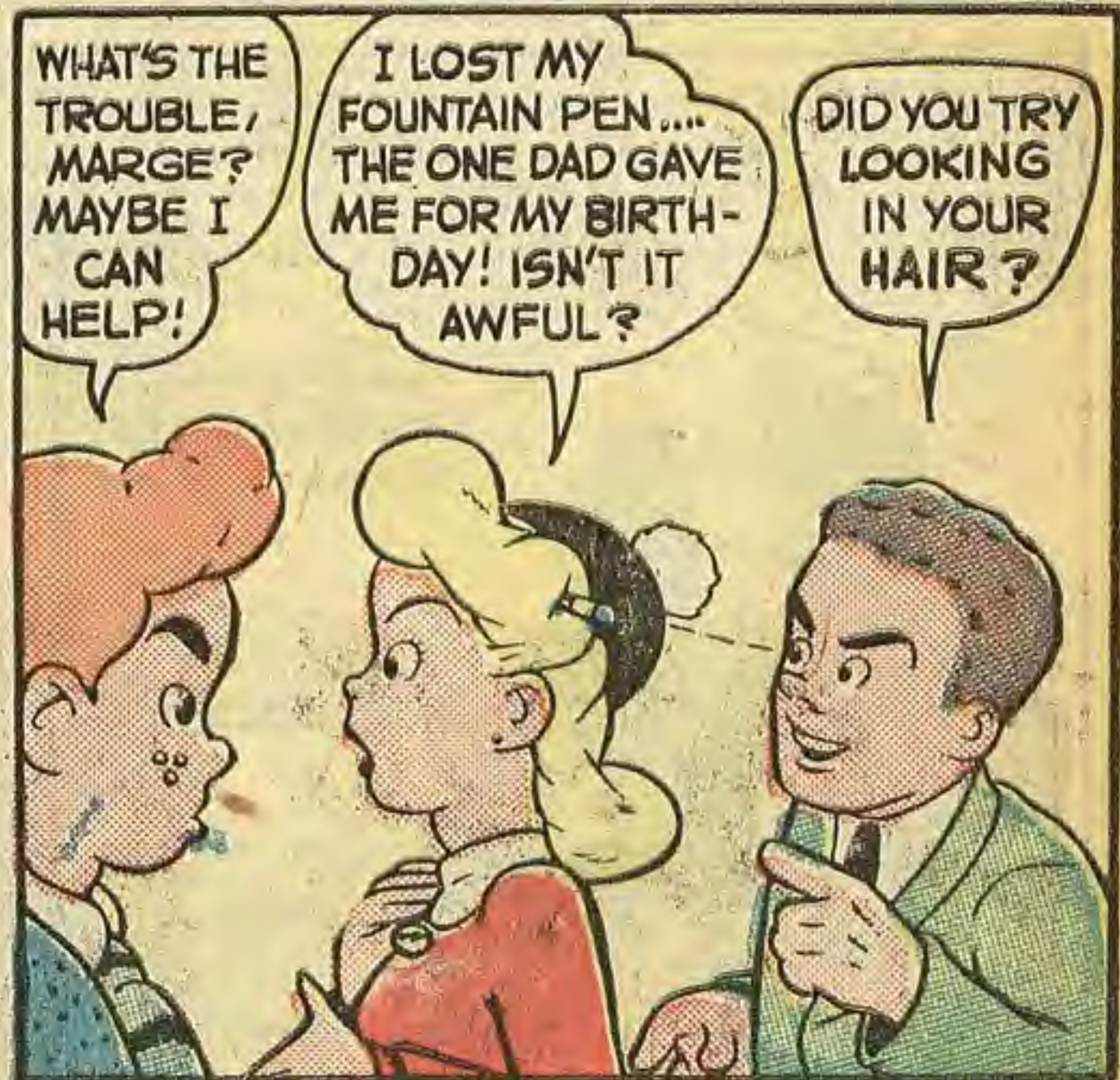
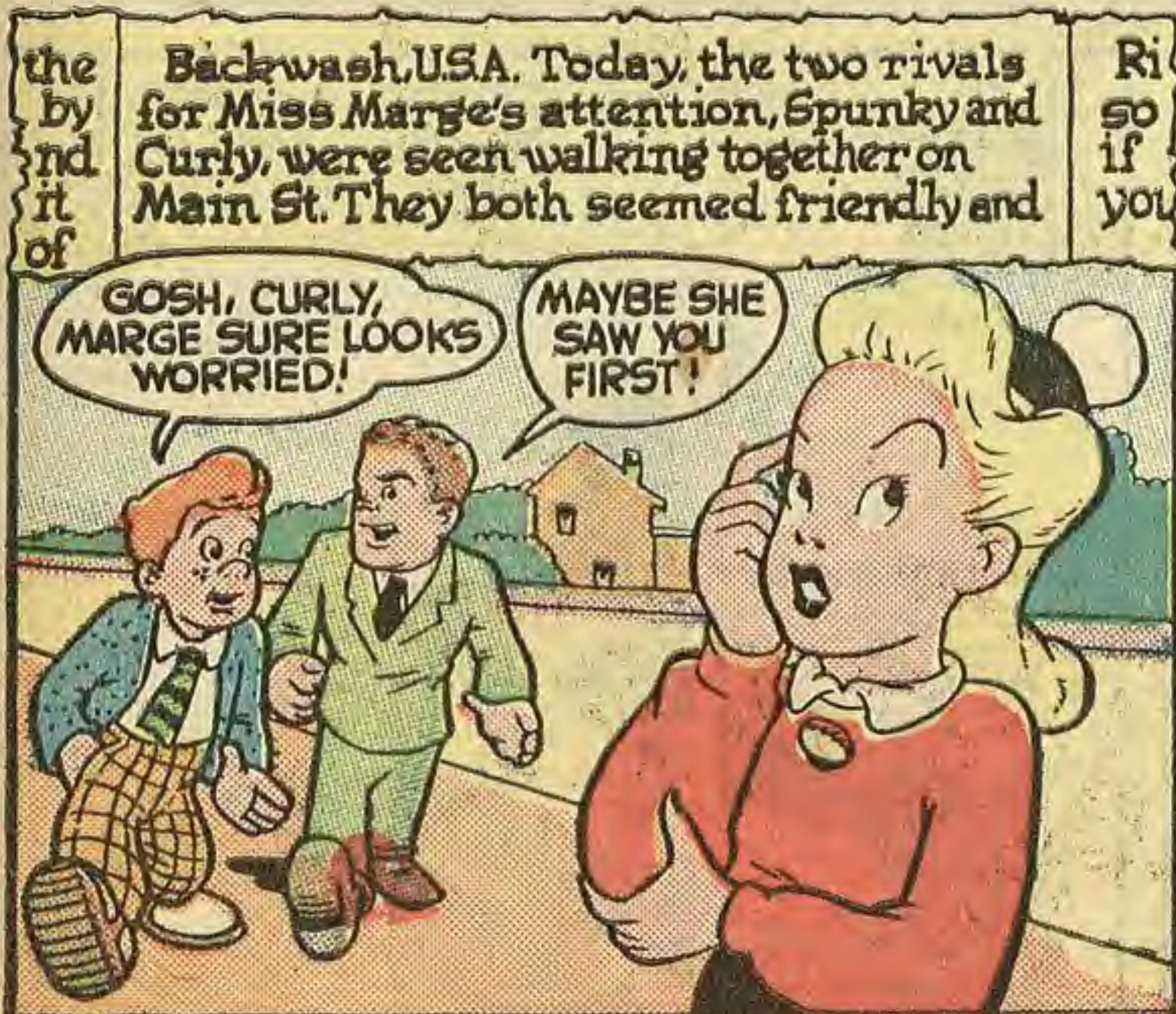


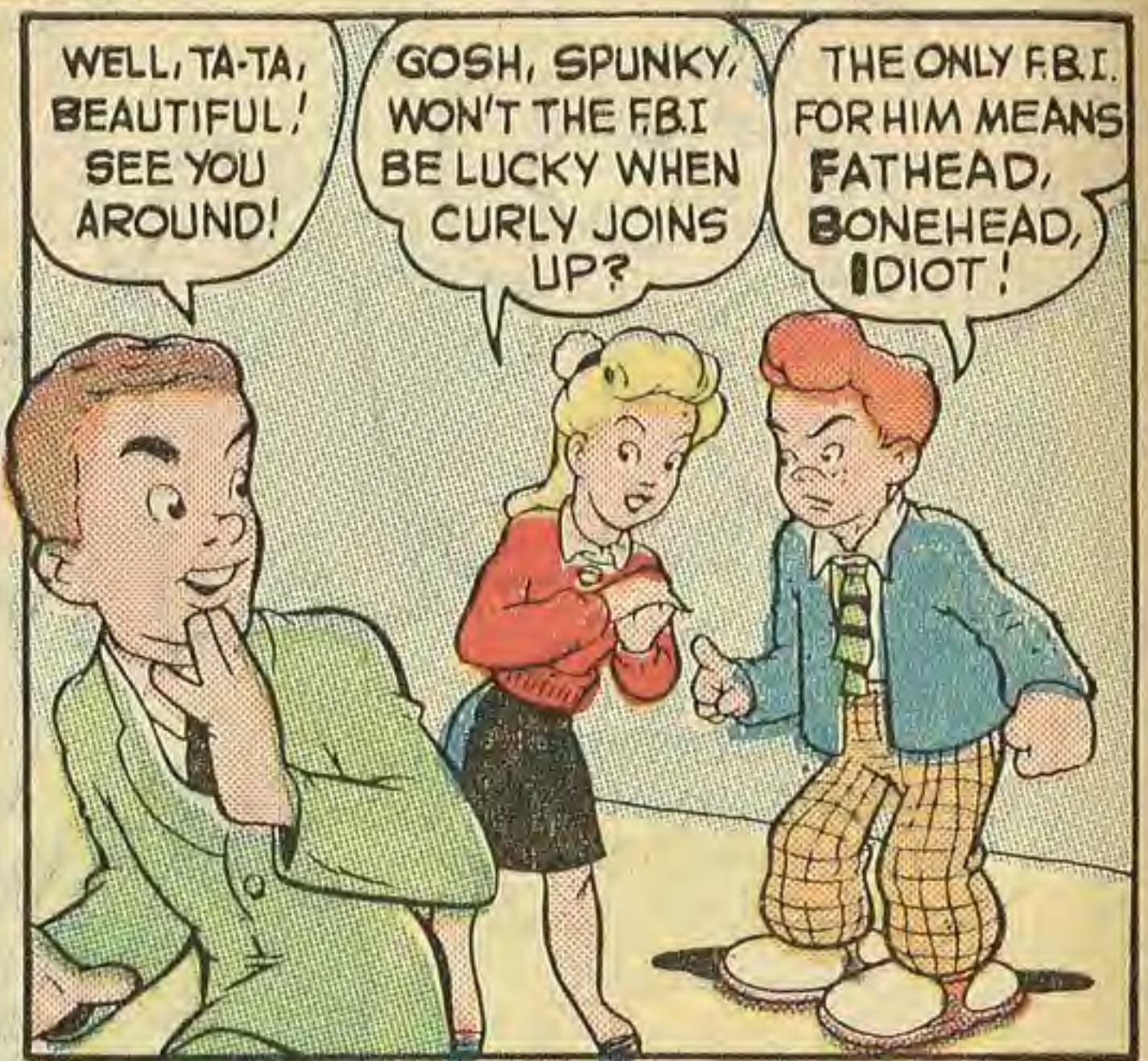
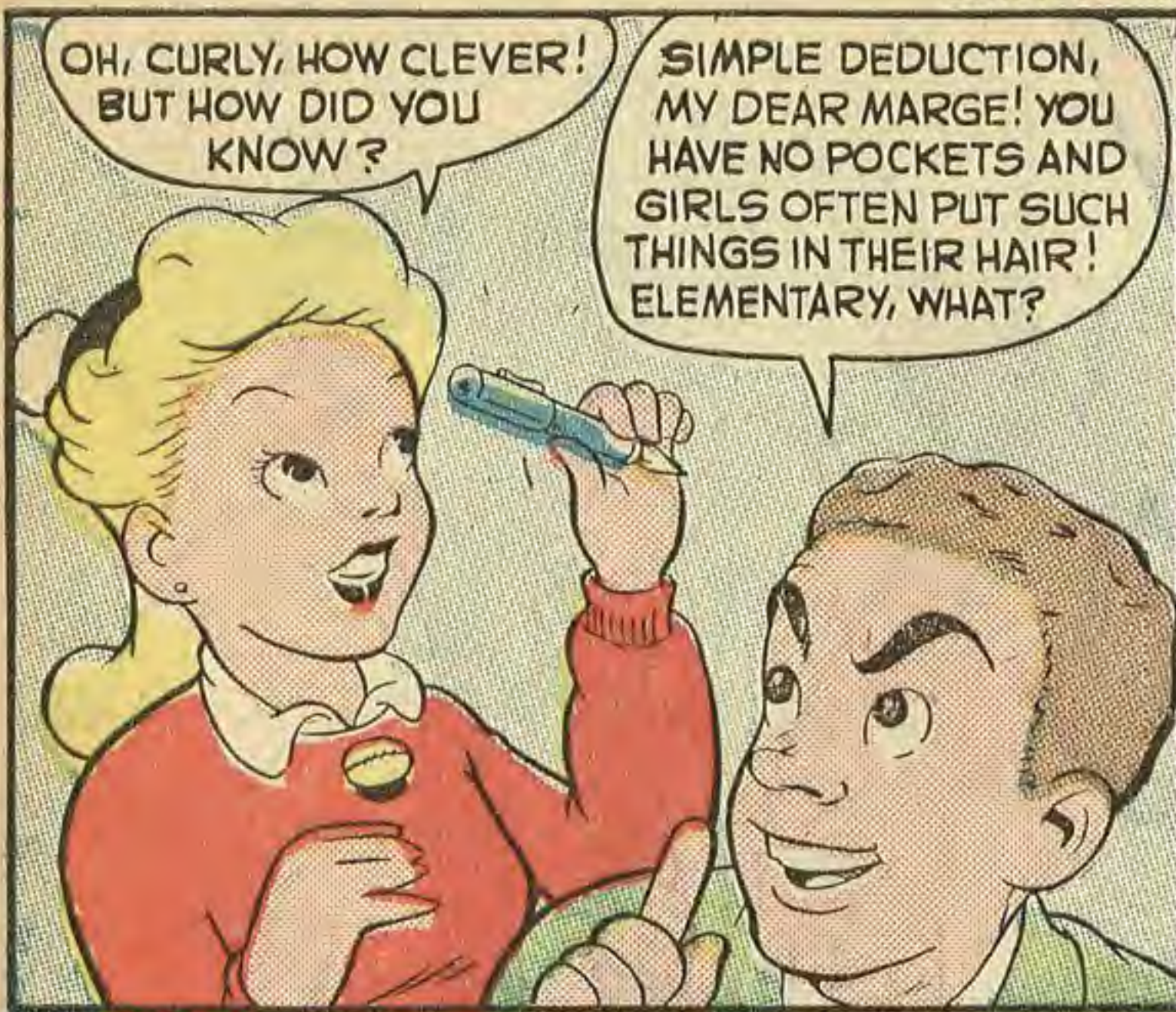
Archie O'TOOLE

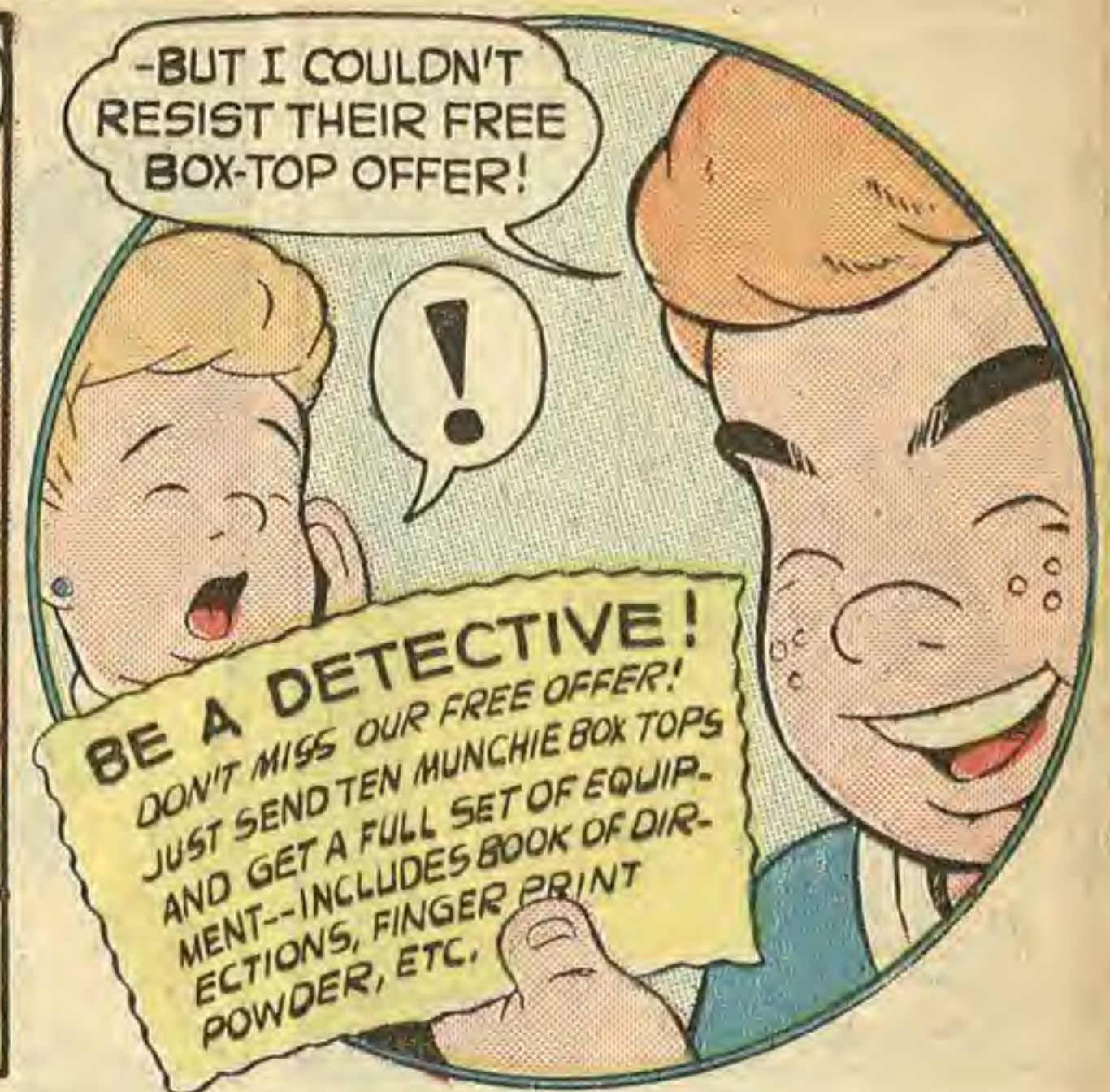


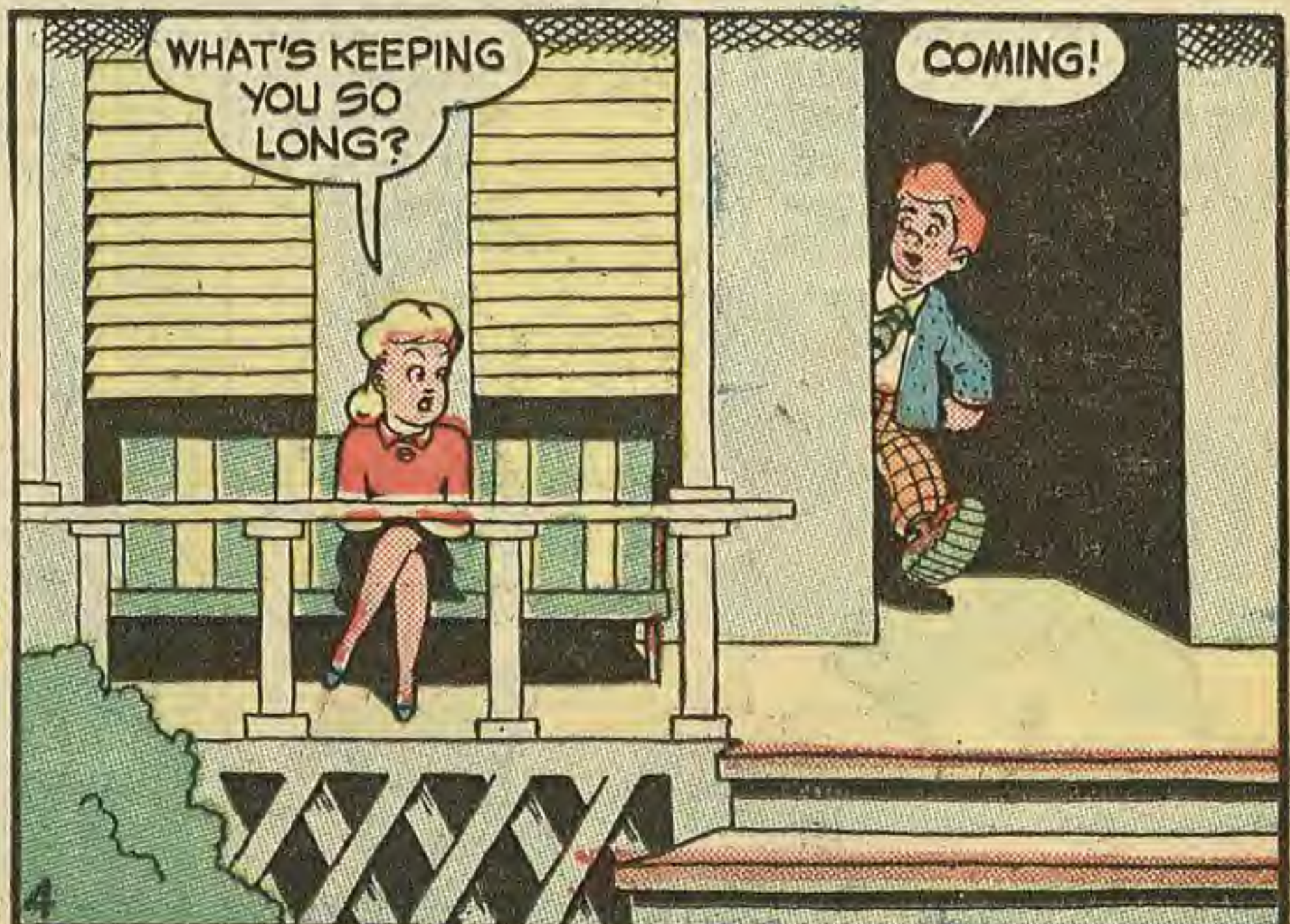
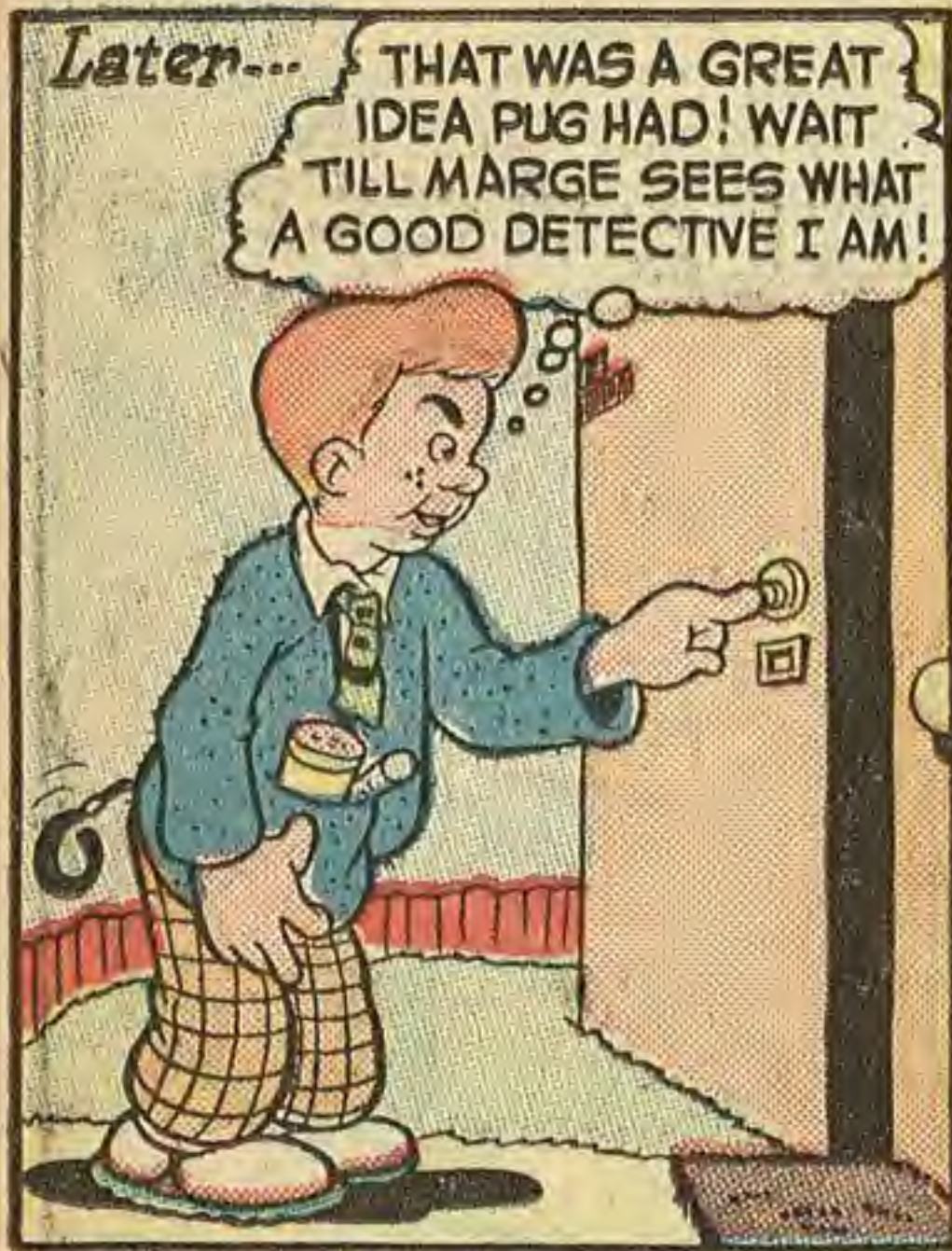
SPUNKY

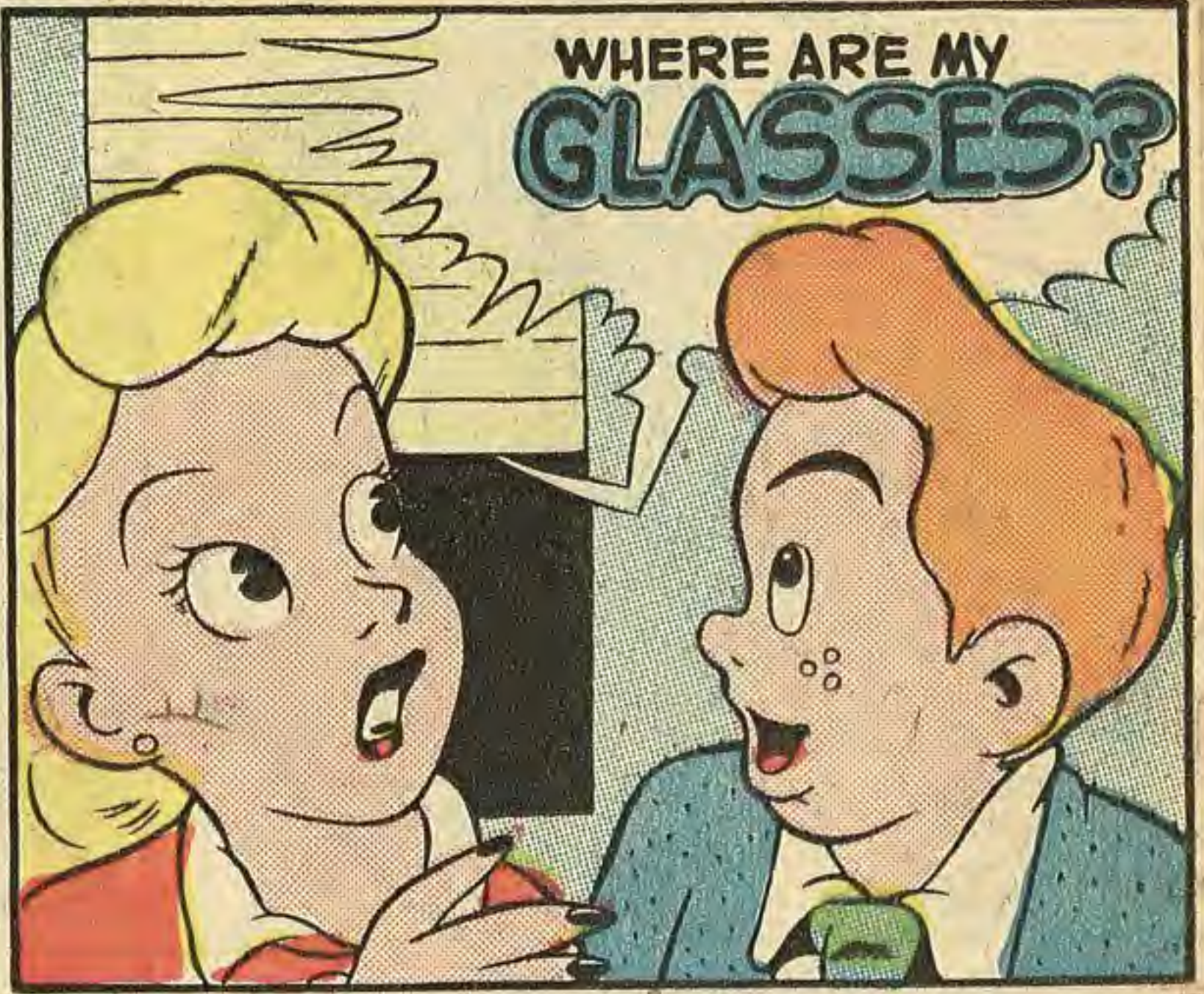
ACCORDING TO THESE FOOTPRINTS, I'M FOLLOWING A LITTLE GUY WEARING BIG SHOES!!

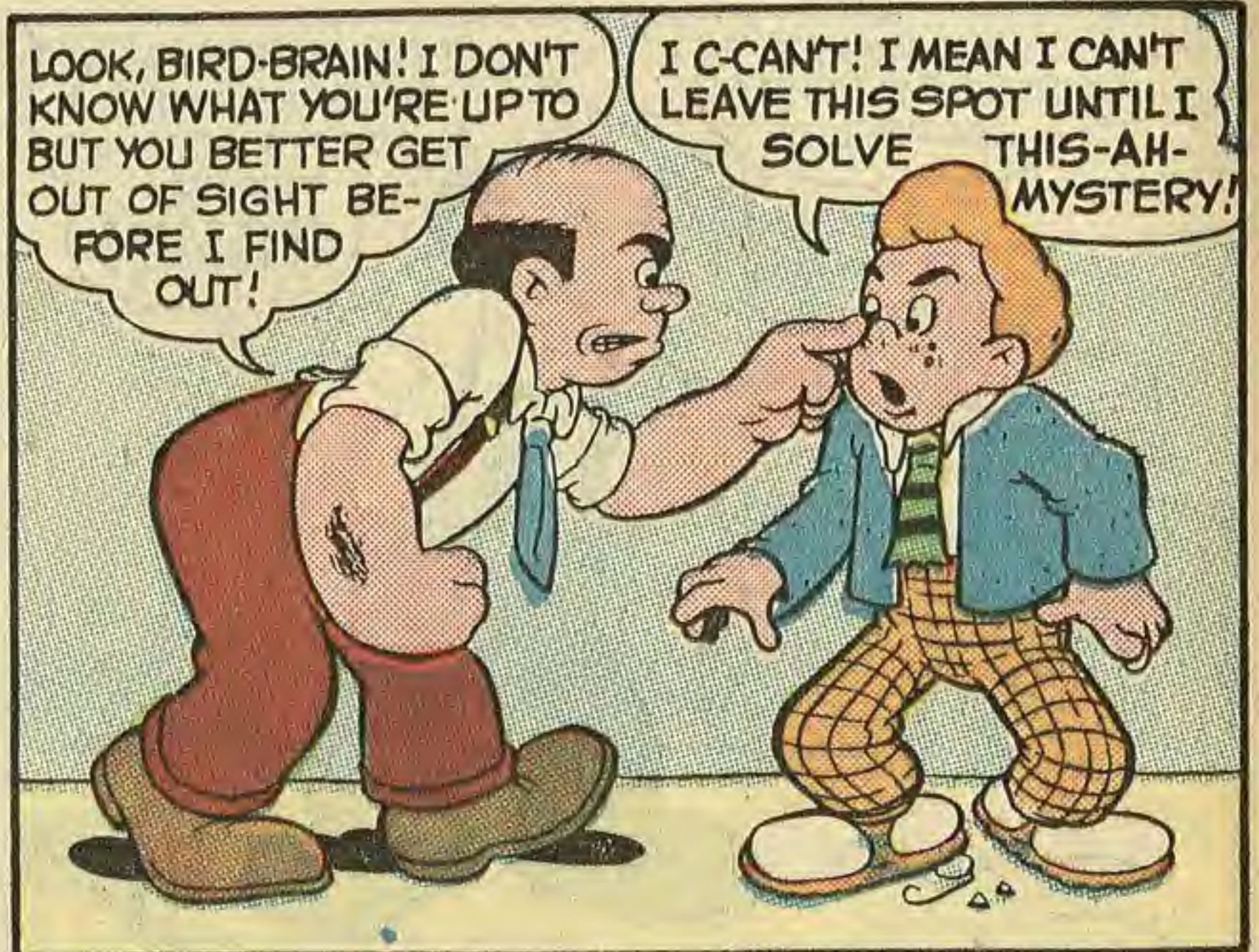
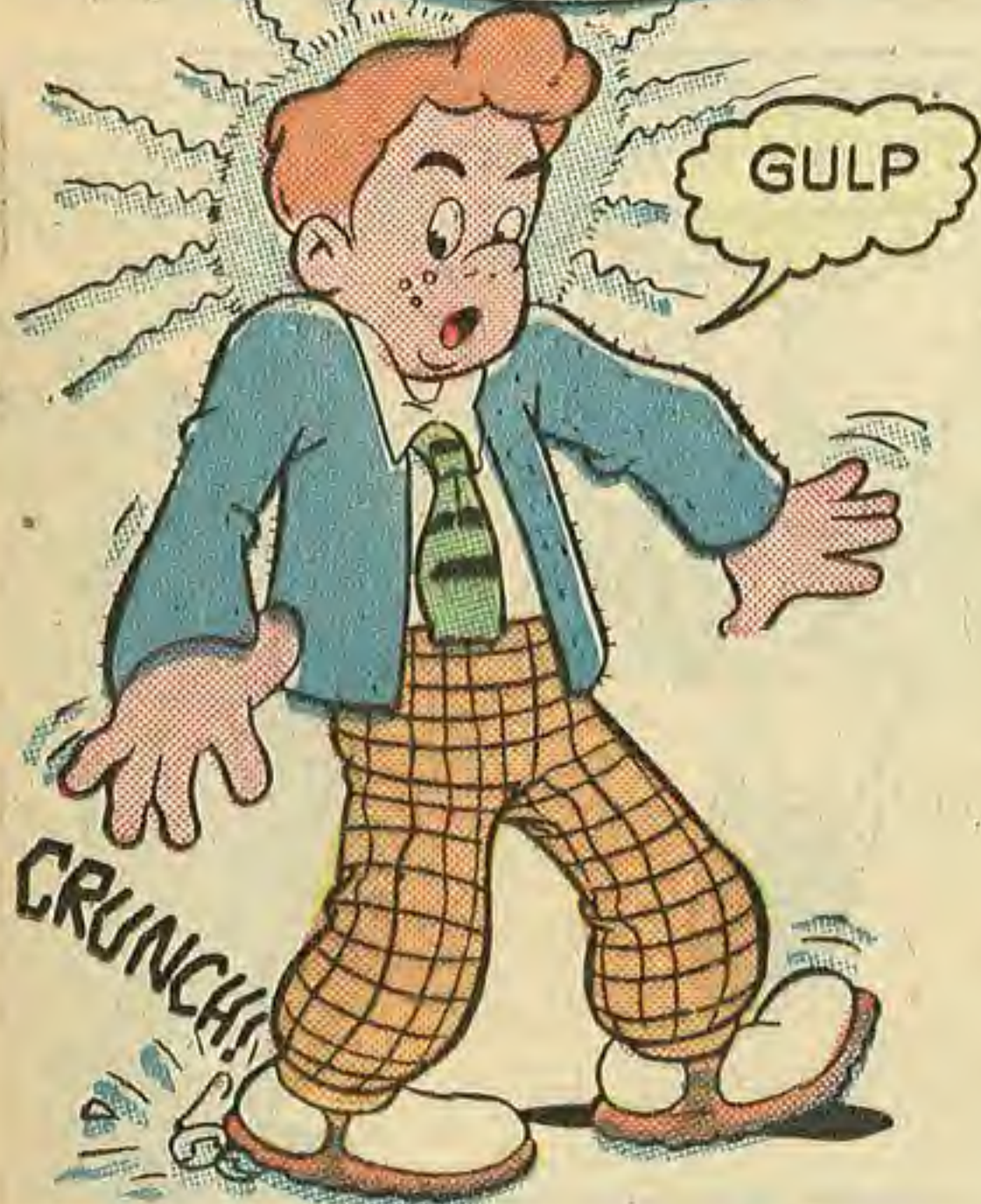
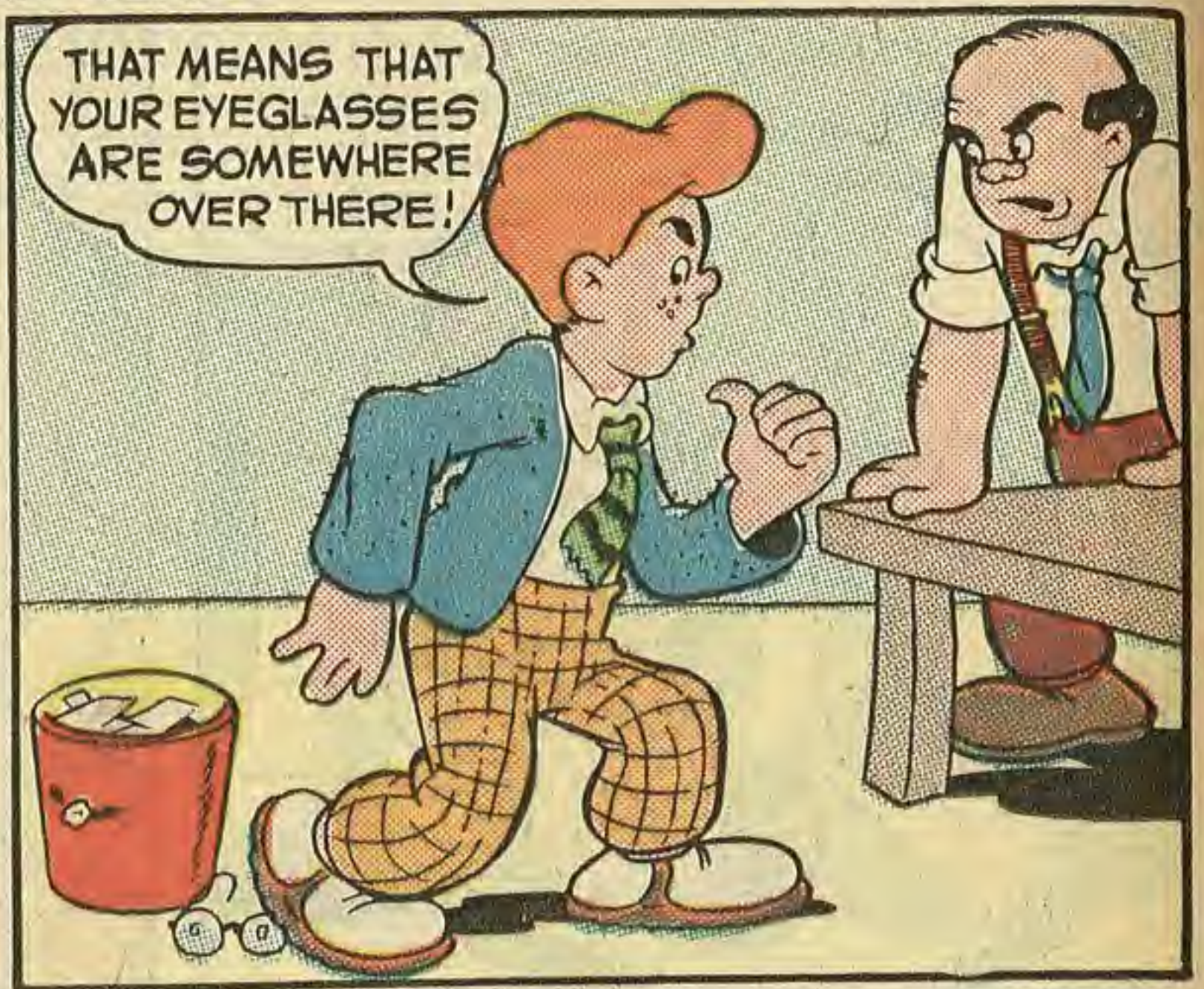
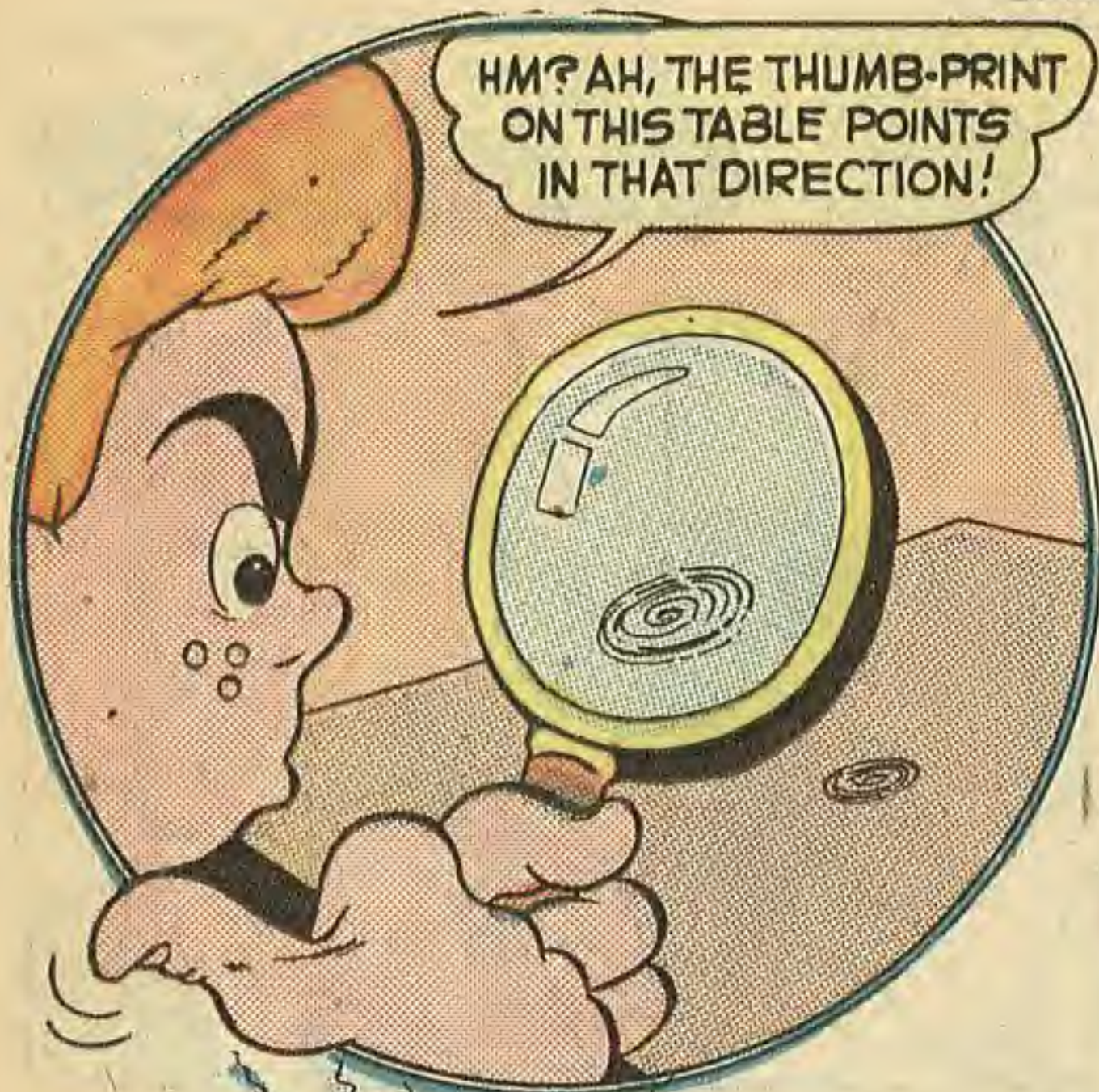


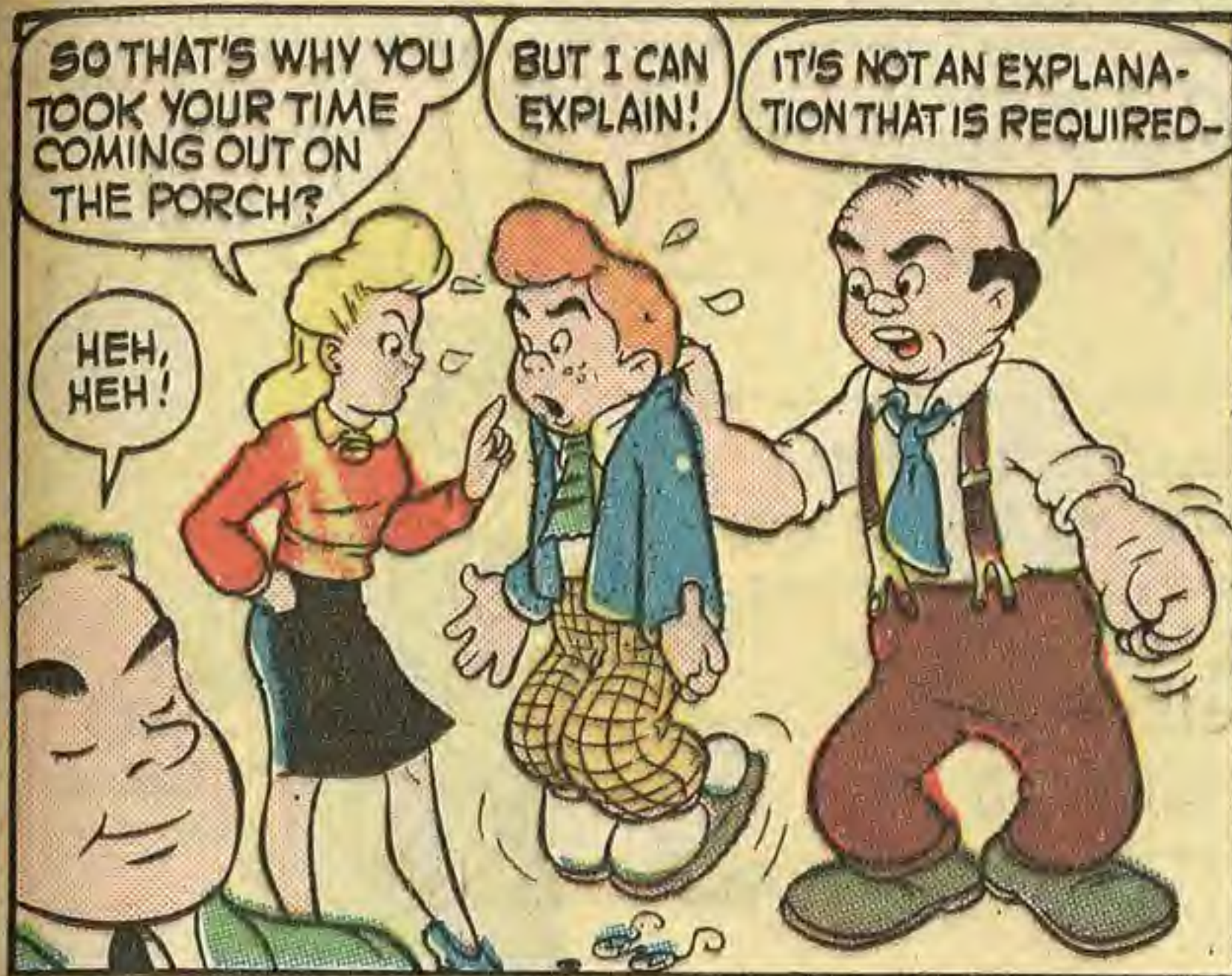










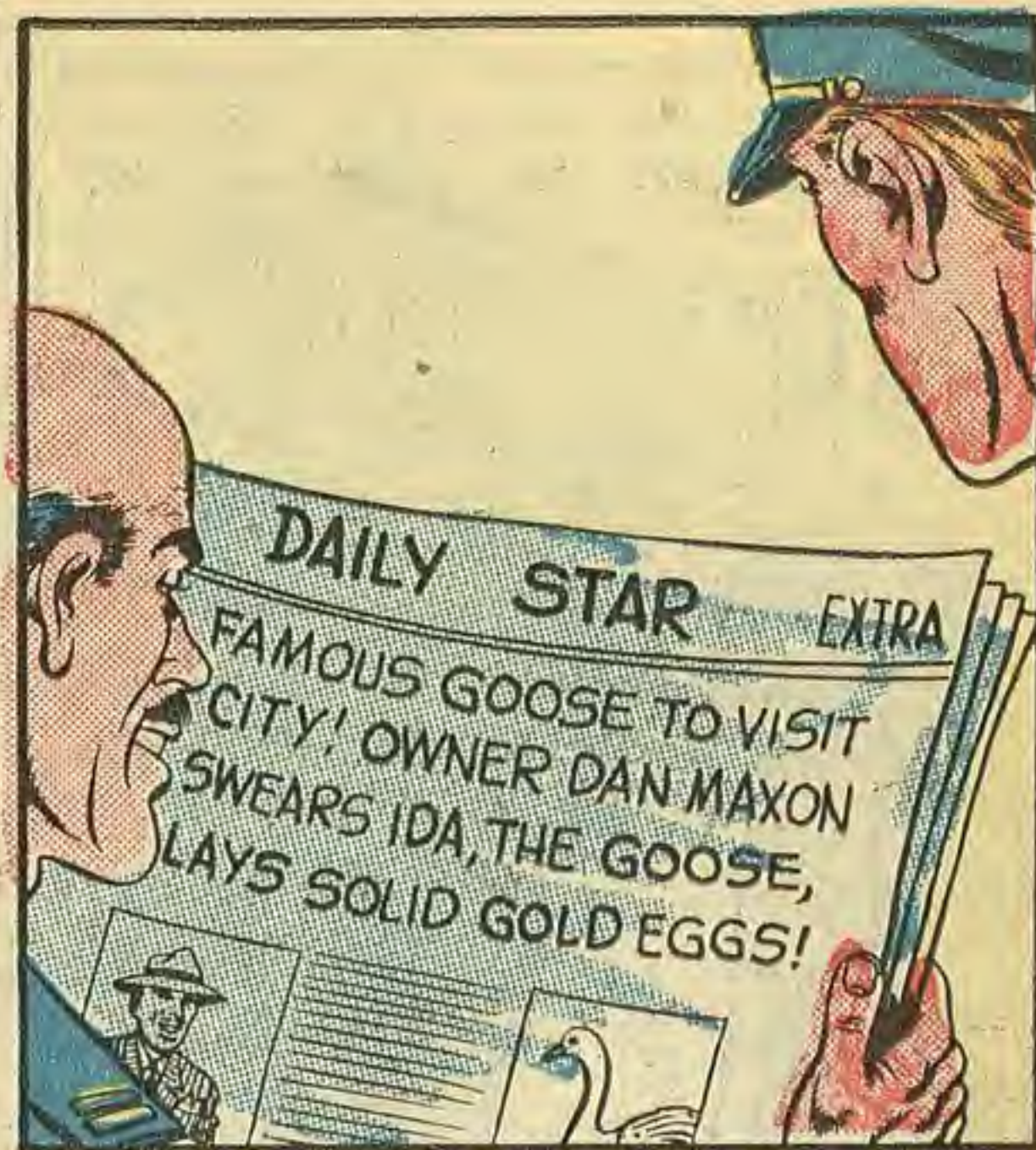


Rookie **RANKIN**

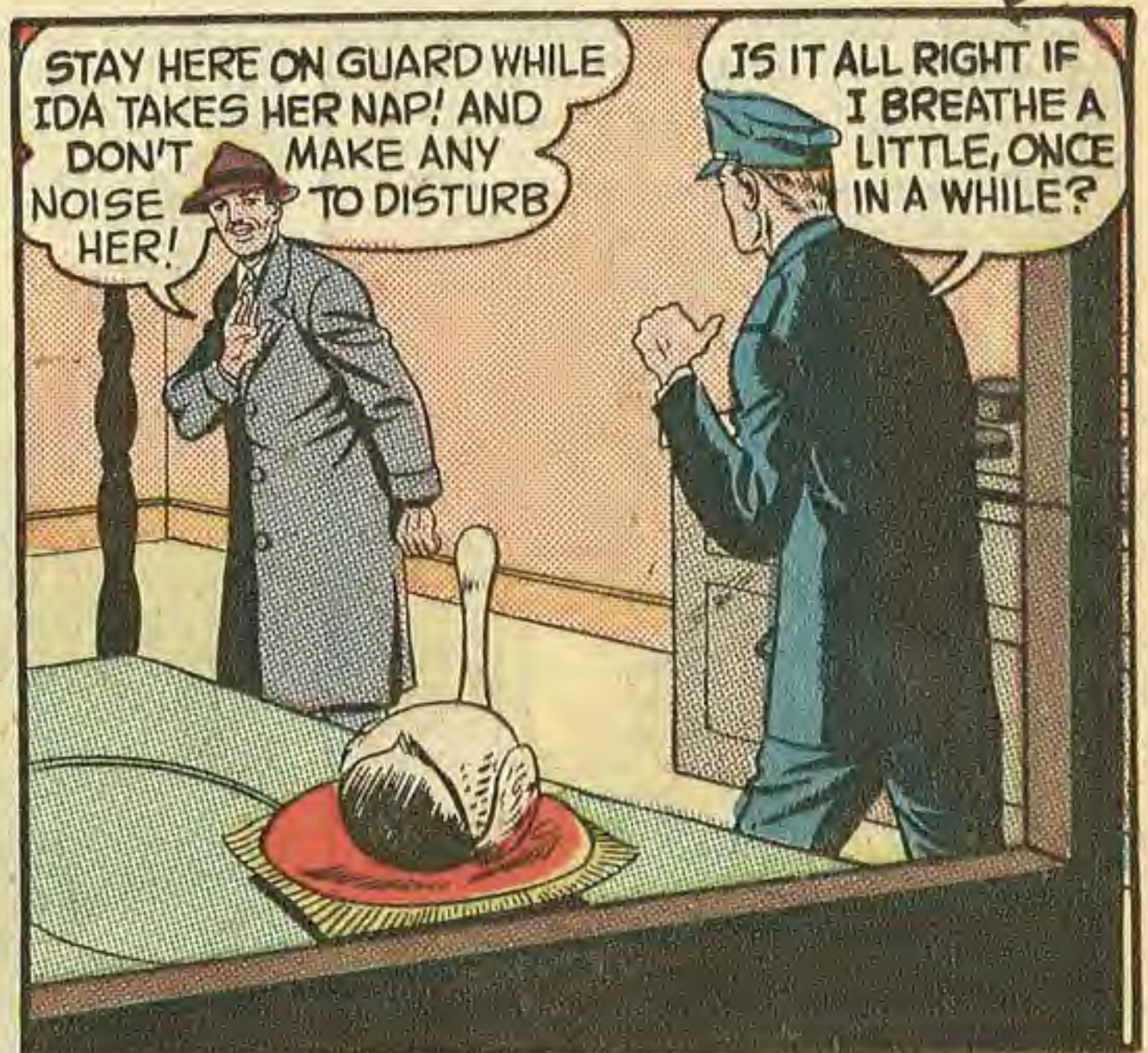
Rookie laughed when they told him that Ida, the goose, could lay golden eggs!! But why else would the city's gang lords start murdering one another for the privilege of buying a silly pet like...

IDA, THE GOOSE?

















WUN CLOO

QUICK!... TH-THE LARGE ECONOMY S-SIZE!

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

ANOTHER BIG CASE ON THE BURNER, WUN?

NO, CASEY! EASY ONE TONIGHT! LADY SAY HOUSE IS HAUNTED-ASK ME TO SCARE GHOSTS AWAY!

HEH! HEH! WHO'S AFRAID OF GHOSTS?

YEH-- HEH! HEH! WHO IS?

BETTER LEAVE WEAPONS OUTSIDE! GHOSTS ONLY PRODUCT OF LADY'S IMAGINATION, ANYWAY ---I HOPE!

PLEASE HELP ME!... IT'S AWFUL! THOSE GHOSTS! I HAVE TO KEEP THE ICE BOX FULL OF MEAT FOR THEM OR THEY SAY THEY'LL EAT ME!

EASY, MA'M! WUN CLOO WILL FIX!

HEY, GHOSTS... GO OVER TO MY HOUSE! PLENTY OF MEAT FOR YOU!

THEY'RE ALL GONE NOW... I'LL SEE THAT THEY DON'T COME BACK!

I HOPE SO!

SHE FELL FOR IT!... THAT'S USING LI'L OLE BRAIN!

Later...

NO, MR. CLOO, THEY HAVEN'T COME BACK! HOW'LL I EVER THANK YOU?

WELL, SINCE YOU DON'T NEED MEAT ANY MORE--

... YOU MIGHT SEND OVER TEN POUNDS OF HAMBURGER!

GRRR! GRRR!

The JESTER





NOBODY KNOWS WHERE
SNIDE HOLES UP -- BUT IT'S
IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



But Snide has already vanished
into his hideout...

WHAT'S COOKING,
SNIDE?

THIS COP WE
GRABBED, COOKY!
IN FACT, HE'S
BURNING UP!



YOU ACT KINDA HUNGRY,
CONSTABLE!

YEAH! I MISSED
LUNCH TODAY TO
FOLLOW THAT
PHONE TIP!



HUNGRY, HUH? HUNGER
AIN'T FUNNY! AFTER
TWO--THREE DAYS---

YOU WOULDN'T
STARVE A MAN
TO DEATH,
SNIDE!



STARVE YOU TO
DEATH?--THANKS
FOR THE IDEA,
McGINTY!

I BAKED THESE
SWELL PIES--
THEY'RE KINDA
HOT TO EAT

JUST
NOW!

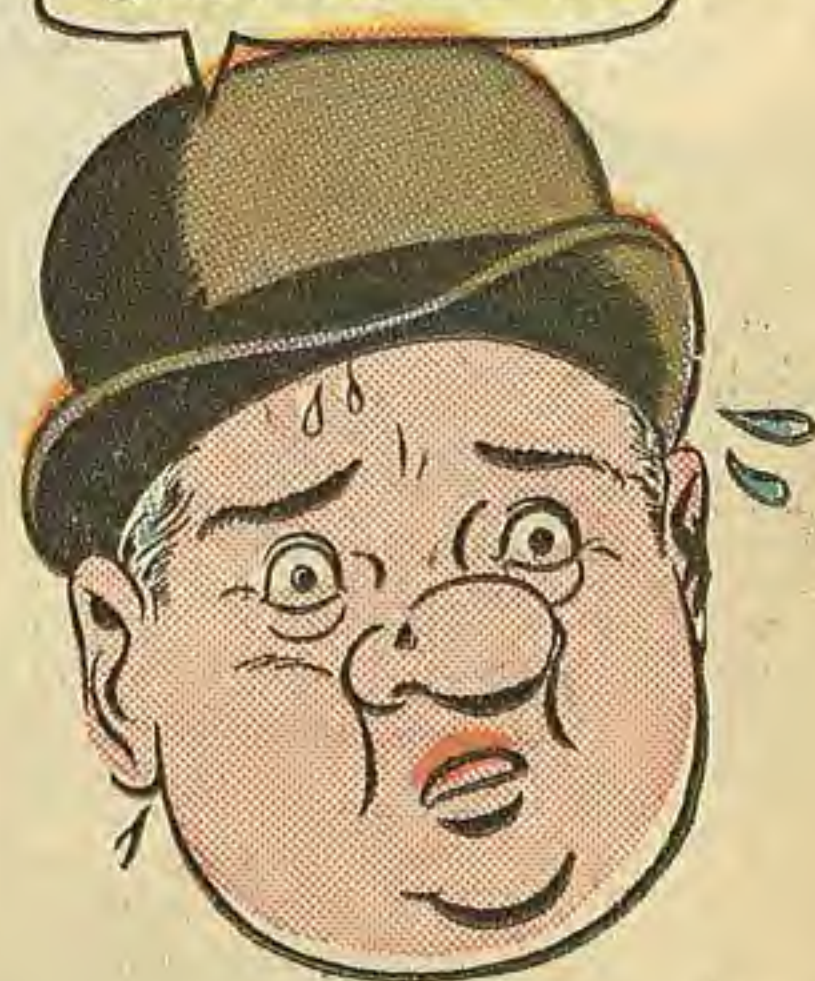


PUT 'EM WHERE McGINTY
CAN SMELL 'EM BUT
CAN'T TOUCH
'EM!

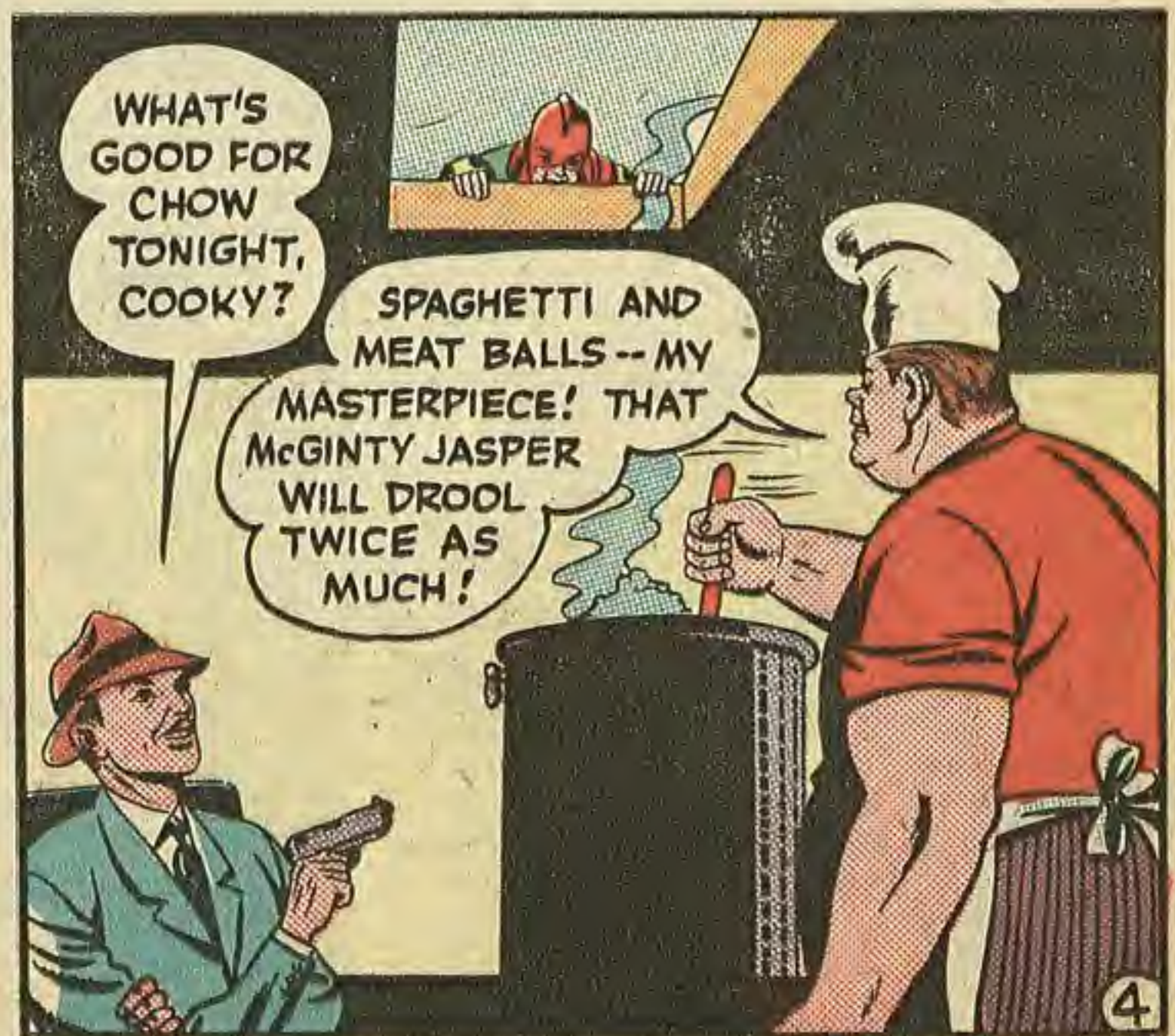
YOU'RE
A GENIUS,
SNIDE!



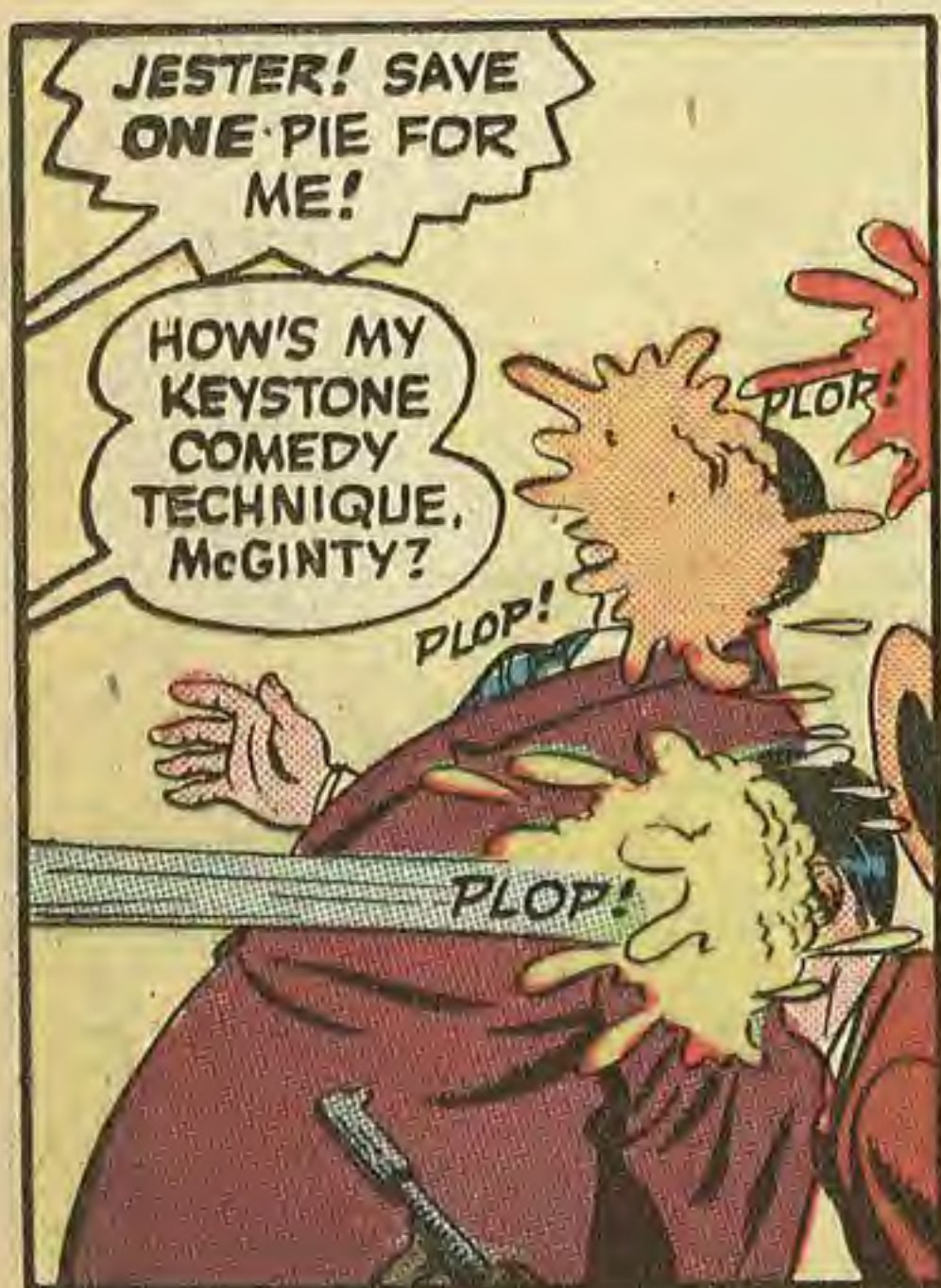
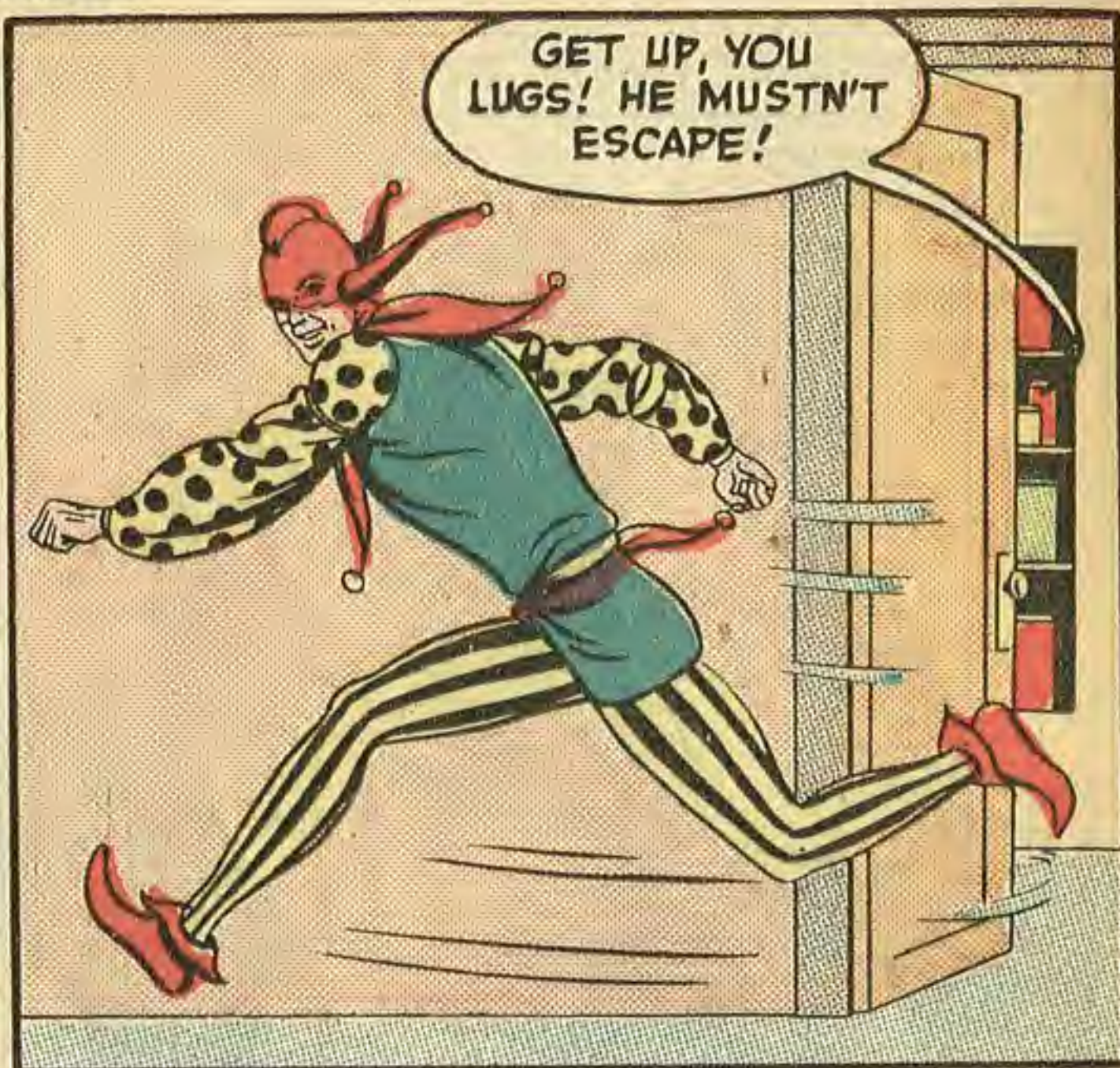
HUNGRY -- AND GETTING
THIRSTY, TOO! WHAT A
SPOT TO BE IN!

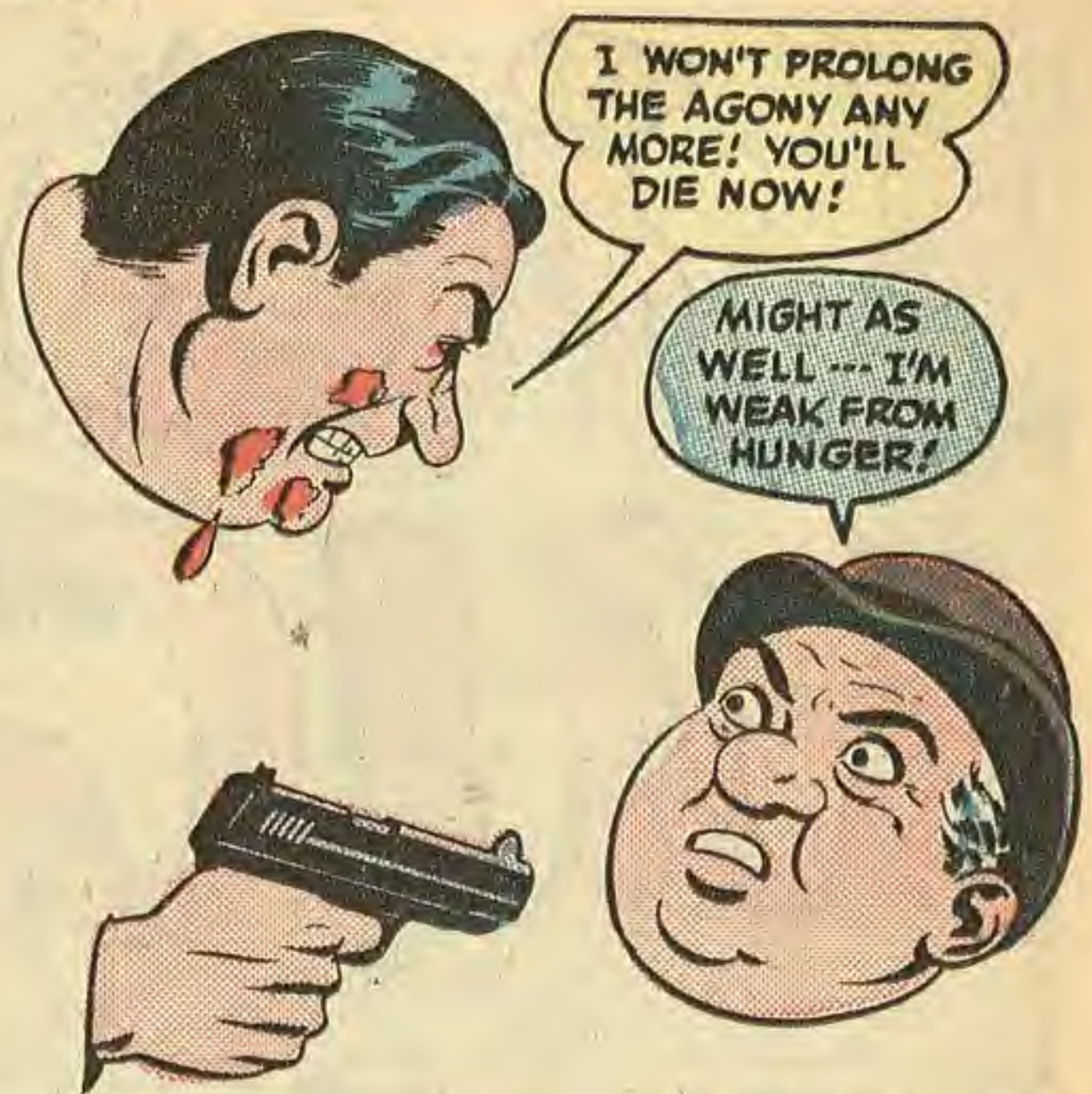


SMASH COMICS









WACKY WICK

By Klaus Nordling

The Incomparable
Ballet Soufflé

The Camel's Revenge.
Dawn of a Styptic Pencil.
and the première
of **BLOVODKINE'S** new opus
Peanut Brittle

MATINEE TODAY



LOOK AT ME, **LADY LUCK!** I HAF PUT ON 47 POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS! REWOLTING!

WHAT CAN I DO, **SOPOFORE?** YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED YOUR **DOCTOR..**

BAH! HE BUT SAYS TO NOT **EAT** SO MUCH! SEE.. CRACKERS AND BUTTERMILK FOR A WEEK I EAT... **AND YET!**

TOO BAD! AND TODAY HE DANCES IN THE PREMIERE OF **BLOVODKINE'S** MUCH AWAITED "**PEANUT BRITTLE**"

THIS IS MR. **FAWNISH..** I **IMAGINE..** HE ALZO DANZES IN IT A SMALL RÔLE.. **ME! A MINOR RÔLE!** I, WHO AS A CHOREOGRAPHER CAN OUTSHINE **BLOVODKINE!** AH! HE IS BUT A STUMBLING AMATEUR!

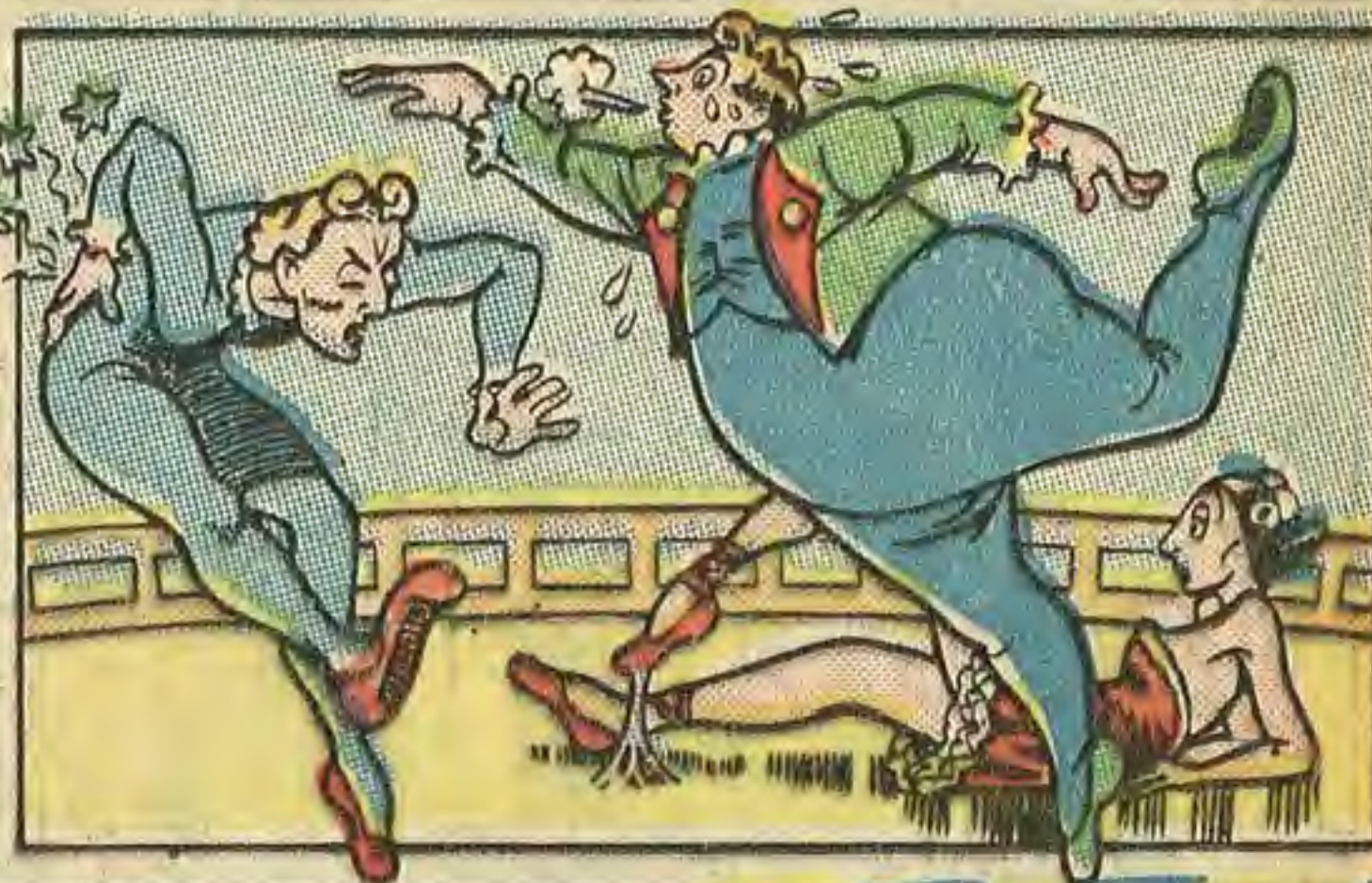
THEY ARE ALL AGAINST ME! BUT SOMEDAY THE WORLD WILL ACCLAIM ME.. AS **SUPREME!**

IF I LIVE THAT LONG!

PLEASE! DO NOT GO! VUN MORE FAVOR.. YOU ANALYZE THIS FOOD FOR ME... YES? PERHAPS?

SMASH COMICS







Man who would be King

"TREASURE!" sighed Jimmy Christian as he headed the little crew off the yacht in the harbor of Longneck. "Where hasn't it taken men!"

Enders laughed. "You mean, *what* hasn't it taken men!"

Jimmy nodded. "Just as good, perhaps. Well, gentlemen, here we are on the tiny island of Trinidad, off the coast of Brazil. And here we hope to find pirate treasure. Let's be off up this towering hillside."

They trudged upward for half an hour, the way getting steeper as they went. At the end of an hour they stood on the high promontory overlooking the harbor, where few white men had ever trod. Few, that is, except the pirates who were alleged to have buried gold from Lima on the mountain top.

Since it was nearing evening—they had hovered a few miles off the island for hours that day because of rough seas—they decided to make camp and begin digging operations the following day.

They found some stone ruins—a few scant walls that offered shelter from the high winds—and spread out their sleeping bags. Then someone built a roaring fire and began preparing a meal.

Jimmy chuckled. "Gosh, people in Brazil can see this fire if they choose to look!"

"And what if they come flying out to see what's going on?" Enders asked.

Morrison said. "Let 'em I doubt if they care anyway."

"I'm sure they don't." Jimmy told them. "Brazil gave up all claim to this island more than sixty years ago. It's now an English possession I suppose: yet I'm not sure even they'd care there is a strange, weird story about this island, fellows."

Everyone looked expectant. "Well," said Enders. "let's have it. Skipper!"

Jimmy began the story. "Once a lone man claimed this island as his own, and set himself up as a king. It was one of the boldest plans ever conceived by a human . . . but I'll begin at the beginning."

It was in 1854 that James Harden-Hickey was born in San Francisco. His father was English, his mother French. Not much is known of little James' early life, except that it was spent in France and that, early in life, he dreamed great dreams.

Harden-Hickey was as incongruous a figure even then, as a wandering American in the Court of King Arthur; as much out of the picture as would be Cyrano de Bergerac on the floor of the Board of Trade. He was one of those fortunate—or unfortunate—boys who never grow up.

He studied at the Jesuit College at Namur, then at Leipsic, and later entered the Military College of St. Cyr.

James gained a perfect knowledge of French. He also became the greatest swordsman in all France. He began writing, edited a paper for a time, and used to print, when called down for some scathing editorial, "Meet me upon the editorial page or on the field of honor." He fought forty-seven duels in three years!

He wrote several books, was a fine painter in water colors, and took up politics.

While James Harden-Hickey was gaining ascendancy in French politics, he was made a baron of the Holy Roman Empire. But essentially he was a roving spirit with the blood of adventure in his veins. He craved action and excitement.

This is not to say that Harden-Hickey did not thoroughly enjoy the intrigues of royal courts and the many vicissitudes of publishing. He did. And his sword was ever ready to defend his virile pen. Yet, he was a soldier of fortune, probably topped by no other man.

In 1888 he found himself, while on a world cruise, aboard a sailing vessel that stopped at the island of Trinidad for water. At that time the island was unclaimed by anybody and even then was supposed to be the cache of "treasure" put there, not by pirates, but by more modern smugglers.

Whether the lure of hidden gold motivated him we don't know. But with a hastily form-

ed plan, the baron went ashore, planted a makeshift flag and claimed the tiny speck in the Atlantic as his own. He called himself "James I, King of Trinidad." This dramatic undertaking was duly witnessed by the ship's crew.

Months later in New York, while starting the wheels of his new-formed government, James I began a study of Buddhism and remained for over a year, questioning the priests of that religion and studying its tenets and history.

He returned to Paris in 1890 and married the young daughter of an American oil magnate—a marriage that was never to bring him happiness. He and his new bride came back to America, and James went on a spree of land-buying. He bought cattle ranches and mines in California, Texas and Mexico.

He set up a chancellery in New York, and established his old French friend, De laBoissiere, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and set up a government, a sort of military dictatorship, reserving not treasure for his court but a large percentage of the guano and land turtles that abounded on the island.

He had jewelers construct a crown and strike off gold medals of the Court of Trinidad. Also the King issued a set of postage stamps on which appeared a picture of the little island, five miles by three in area.

In San Francisco, James engaged four hundred coolies and fitted out a schooner which he sent to Trinidad, where it made regular trips between his principality and Brazil; an agent was established on the island and the construction of docks, wharves and houses was begun, while the Chancellery in New York doled out information and tried to lure prospective residents to the new kingdom.

And then, out of a smiling blue sky, a sudden and unexpected blow was struck at the independence of the little kingdom. In July, 1895, while constructing a cable to Brazil, England found the island of Trinidad lying in the direct line she wished to follow, and, as a cable station, seized it. Objection was made by Brazil and, in fact, it almost became an international issue, but nothing came of it. James I, King of Trinidad, lost his kingdom.

He was now in the peculiar position of being a deposed king of an island in the

South Atlantic. But—here is the strange payoff:

In 1893 in San Francisco, Ralston J. Markowe, a lawyer and one-time officer in the U. S. Army, gained renown as one of the Morrow filibustering expedition which attempted to overthrow the Dole Government in the Hawaiian Isles and restore to the throne Queen Liliuokalani. It was understood that should the queen gain her crown, Markowe would be rewarded with some high office. But in the star of Liliuokalani, Markowe apparently lost faith, and thought he saw in Harden-Hickey timber more suitable for king-making.

Markowe wrote to James I, offering him the Hawaiian throne. What the deposed monarch thought of this offer we don't know. But for two years following his overthrow, he was a soldier of misfortunes.

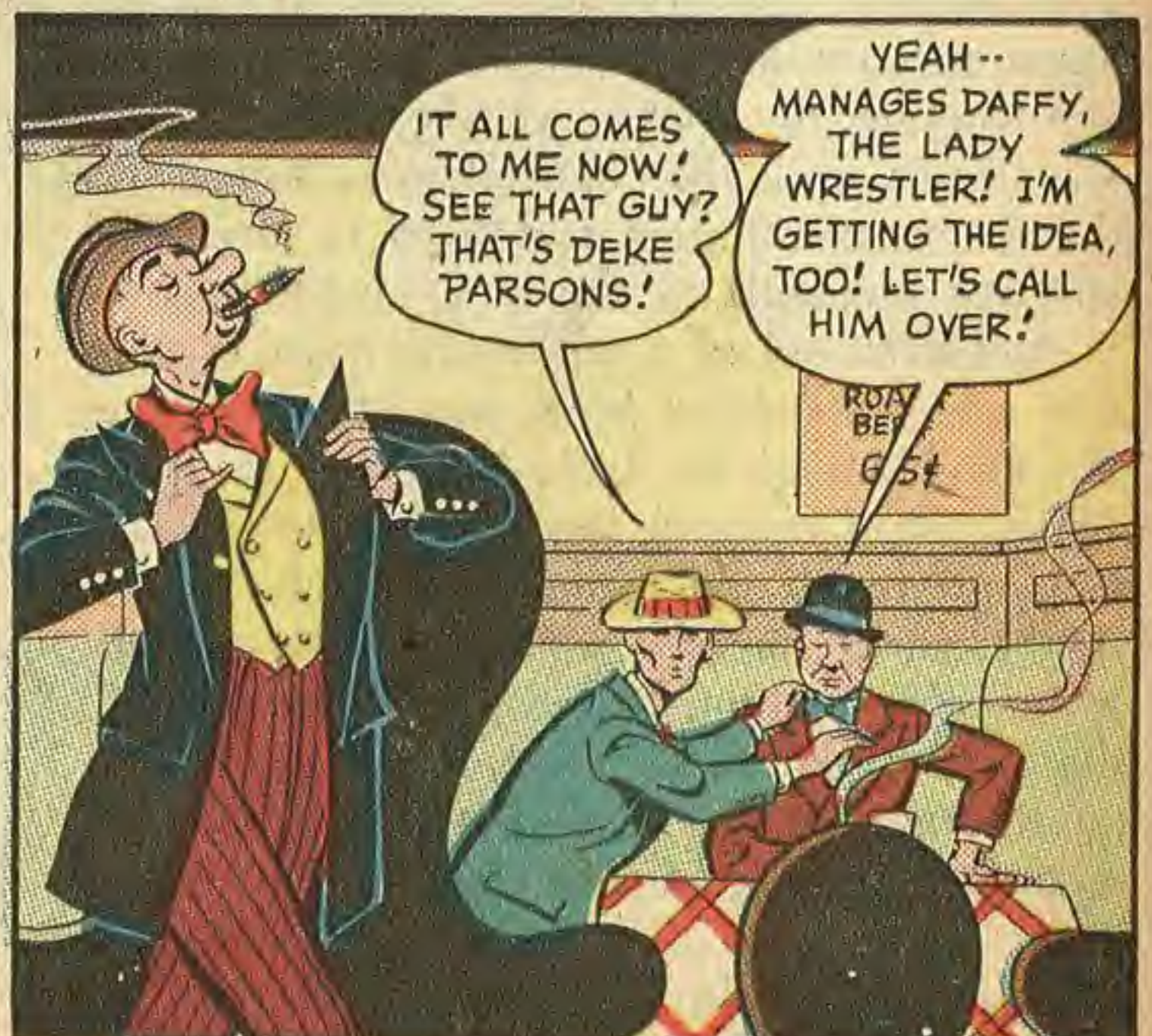
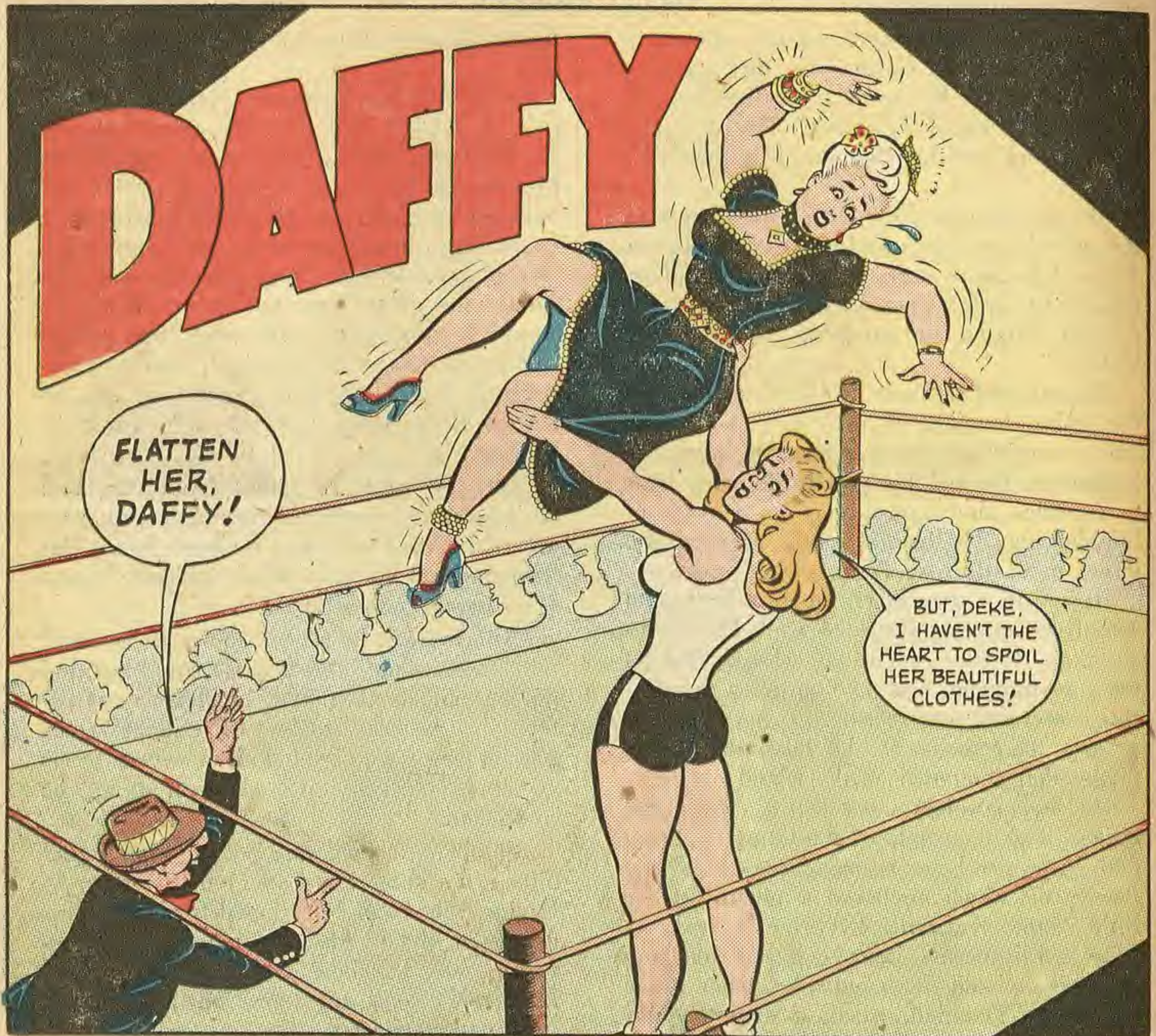
Disheartened, he set out to see if he could sell his vast land holdings. He could not find purchasers. He then went to Mexico and offered his services freely to Presidente Diaz. The latter rewarded him with more vast tracts of land—probably the cheapest thing he could find.

While in Mexico, this strange man found time to organize (on paper) an invasion of England, the country he hated for having dispossessed him of his little kingdom. The invasion was to come from Ireland, where Harden-Hickey's ancestors, on his father's side, had originated.

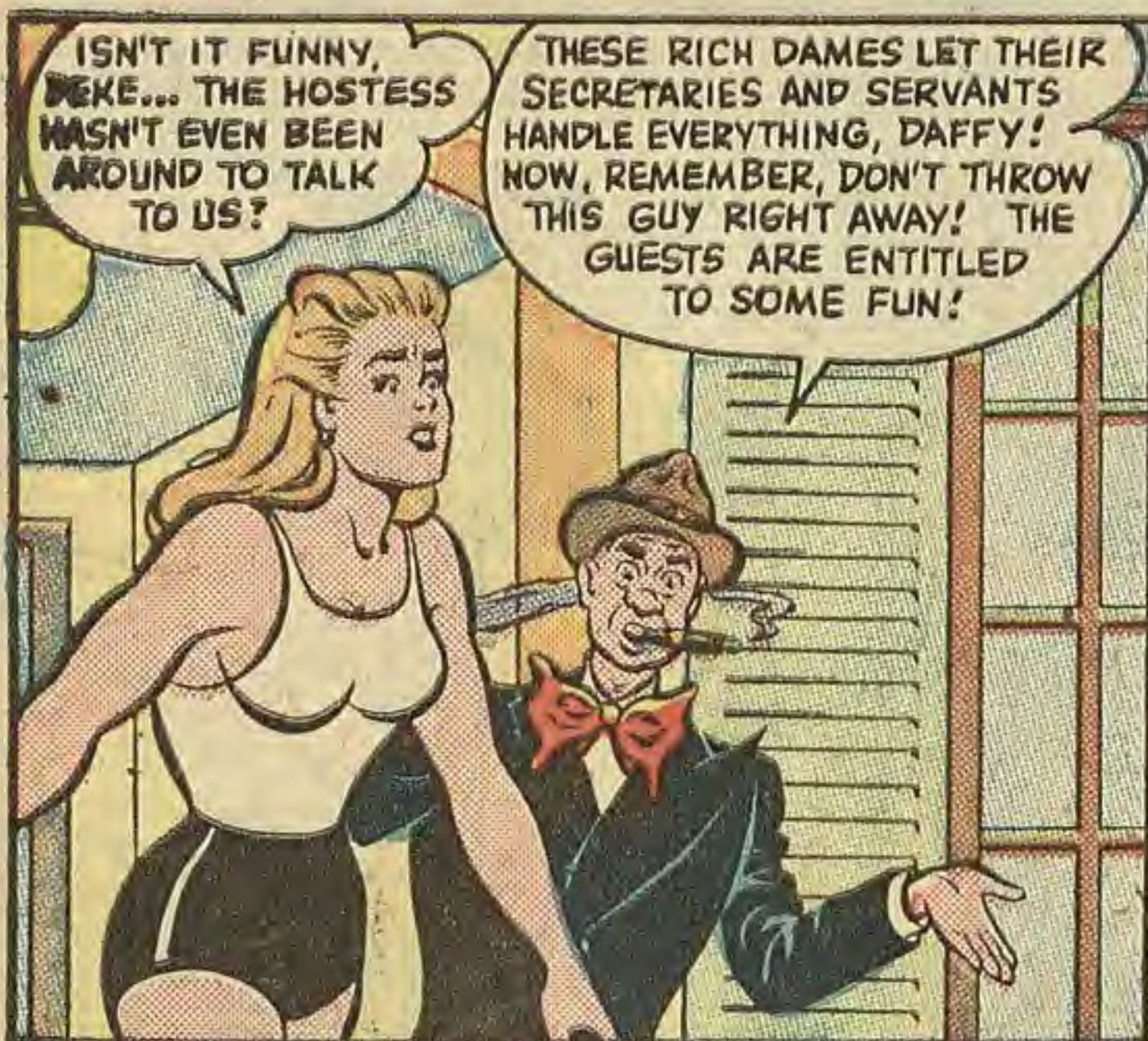
This incredible venture fell through. So the bitter king sat down and wrote a book—one of the weirdest books ever written, "The Ethics of Suicide," in which he set forth the reasons for taking one's life, the methods, including poisons, and the ethics behind euthenasia. That book is still to be had in old book stores.

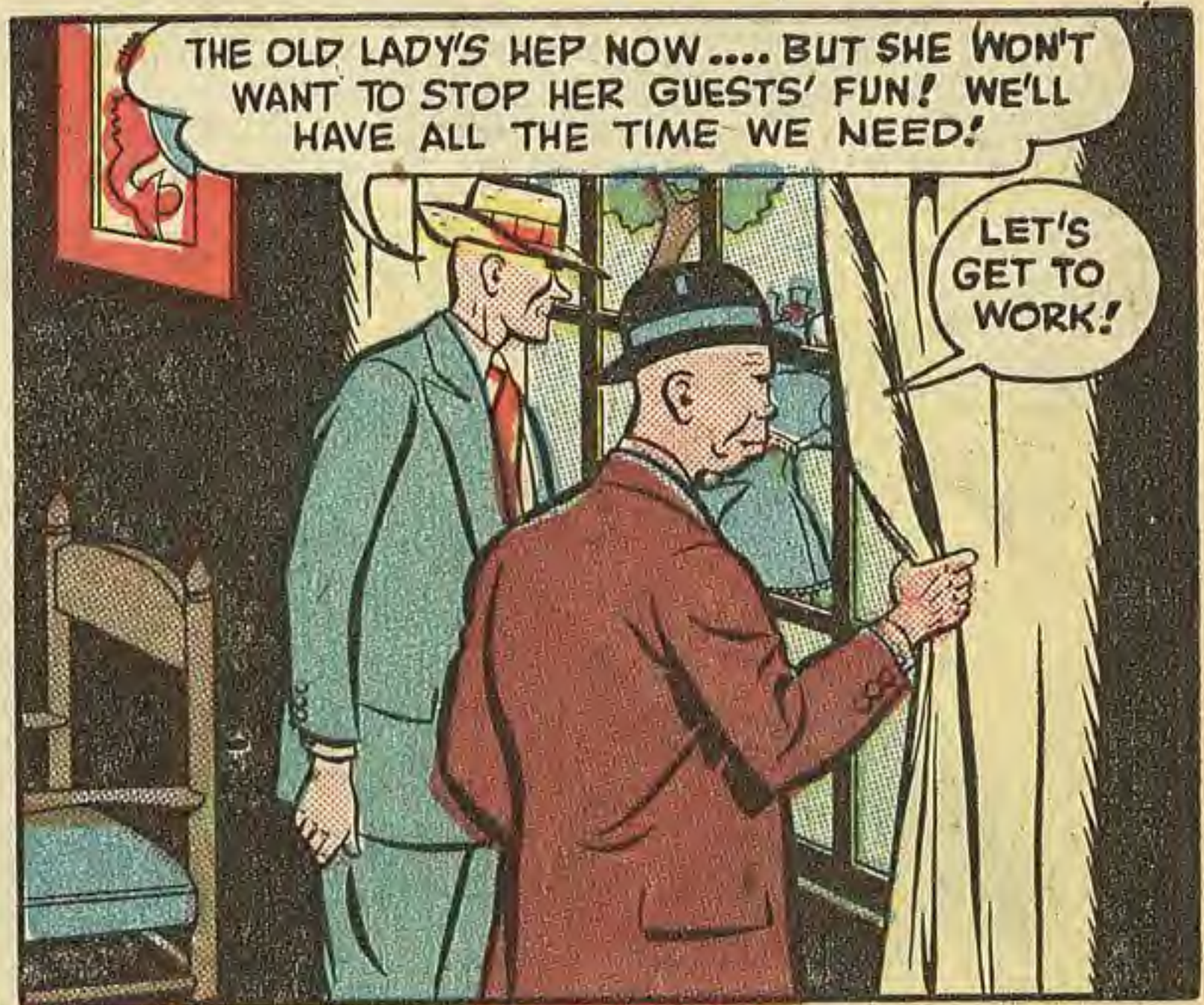
Then the baron, or king, set out for El Paso, Texas, where he arrived Feb. 9, 1898. He went to a hotel, registered, went to his room and locked the door. He drank a bottle of poison, leaving a note to his wife.

Jimmy Christian finished his story and sat back, while a buzz of conversation flowed. When it had slowed a bit, he suggested quietly, "We'd better get some shut-eye. Tomorrow we must dig!"

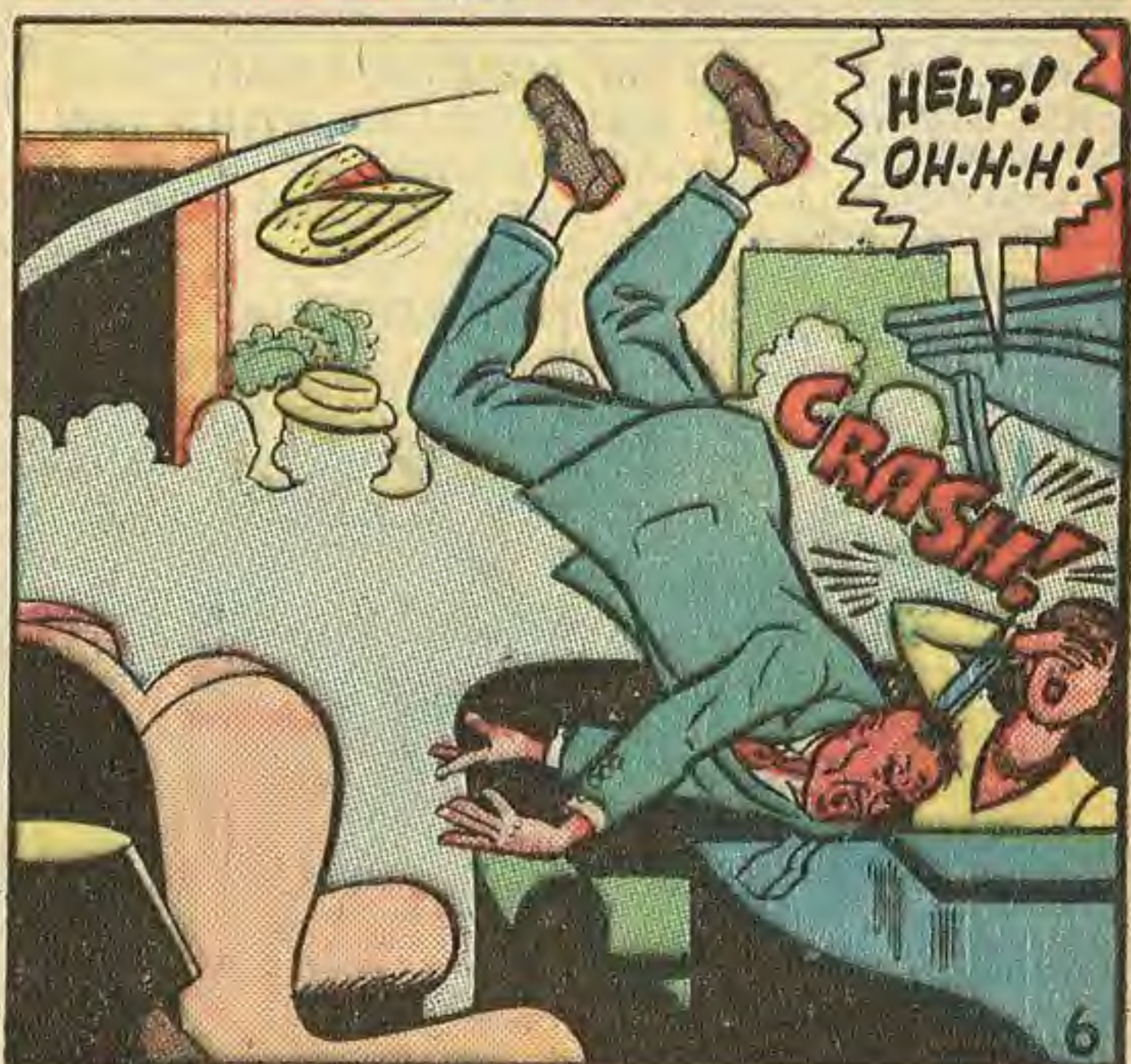
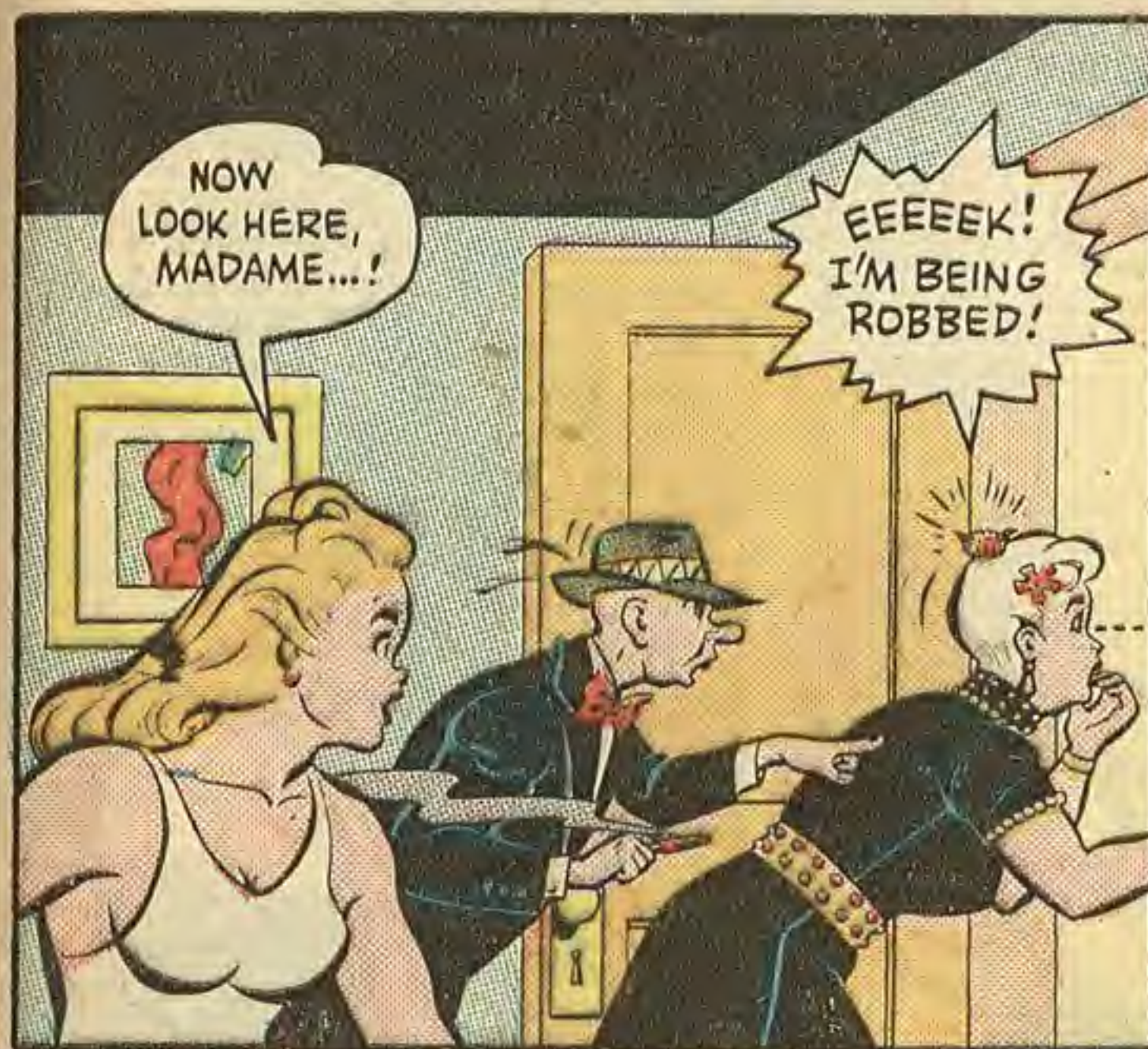






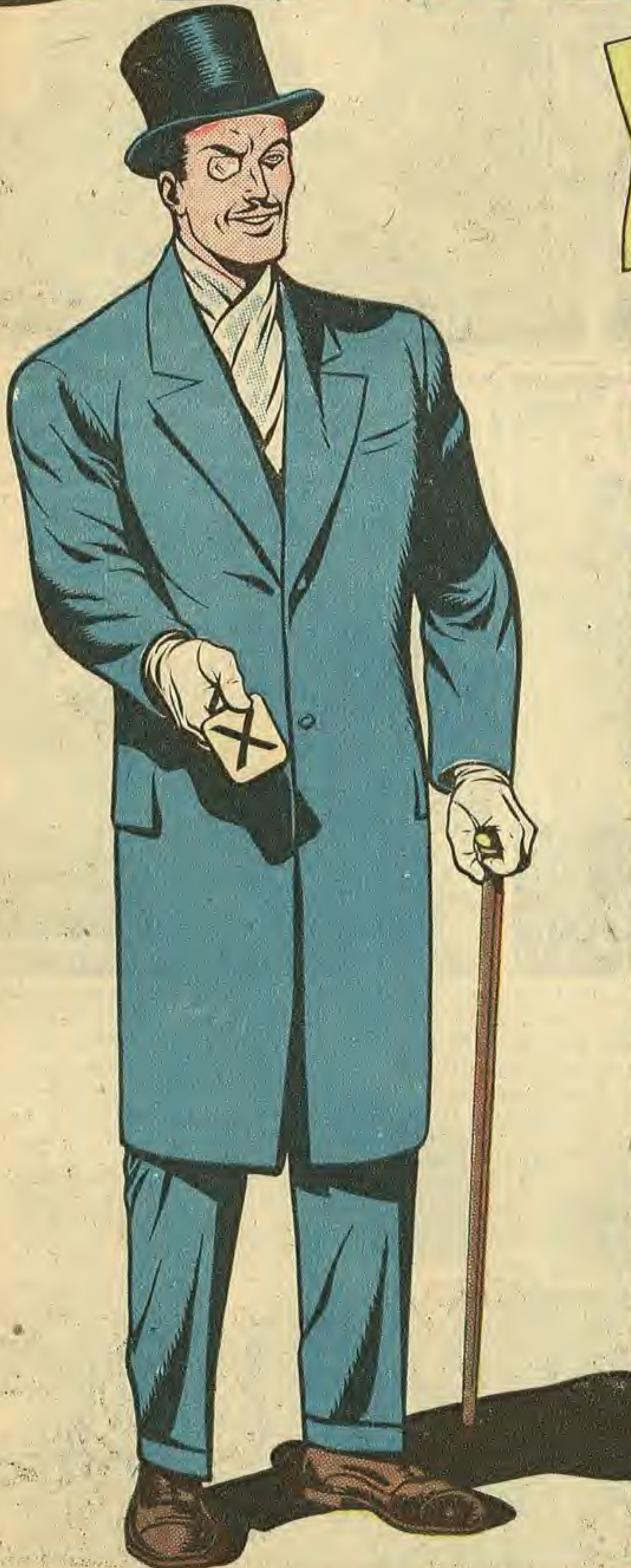








BLACK X



Black X! Welcomed
by everyone -- except
MASTERS OF EVIL!

Near the end of the reception
at Bowerlawn Country Club...

IT'S **HARRETT!**
HE COMMITTED
SUICIDE!

NO, **TARBY!**
HE WAS
MURDERED!

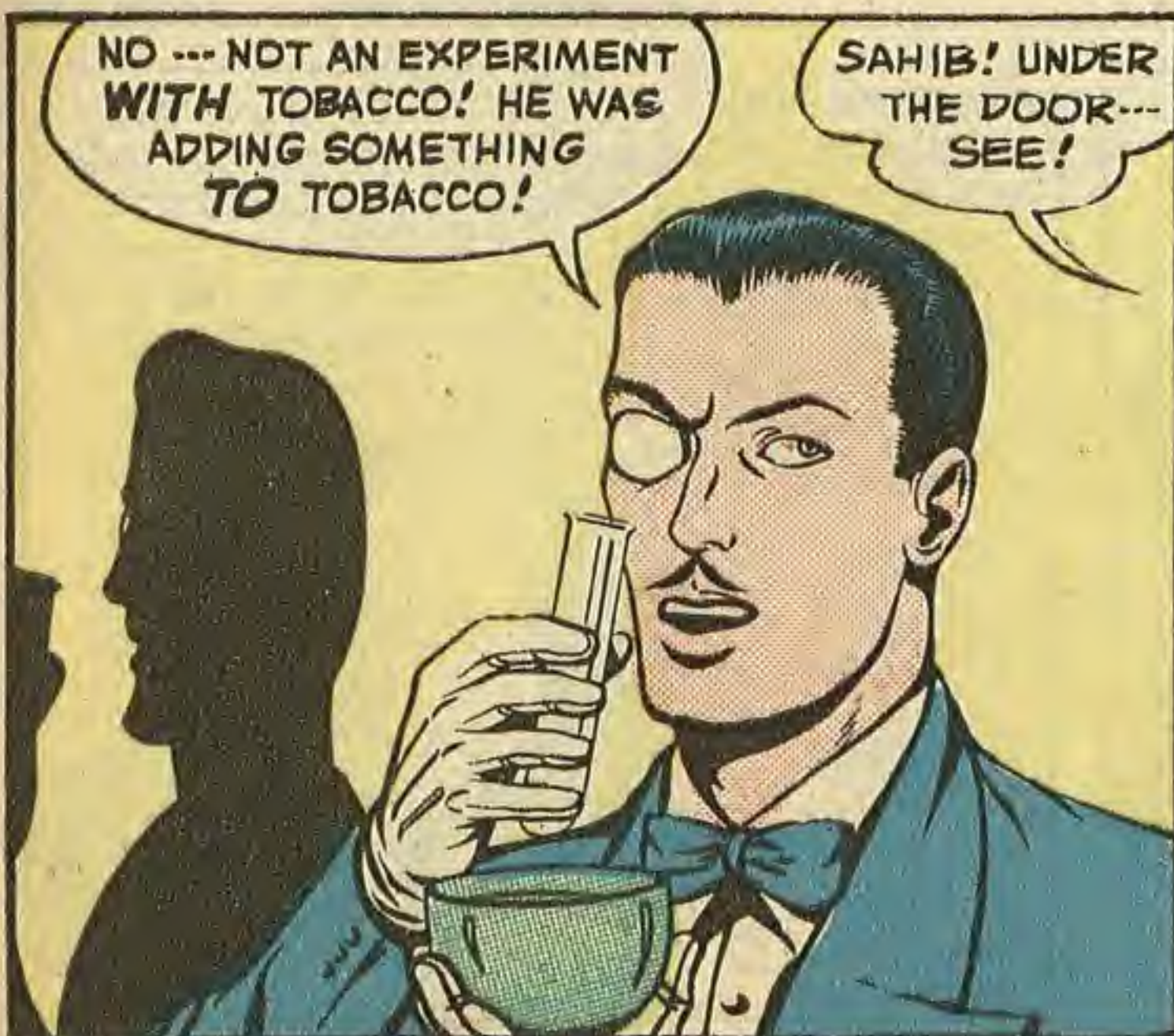
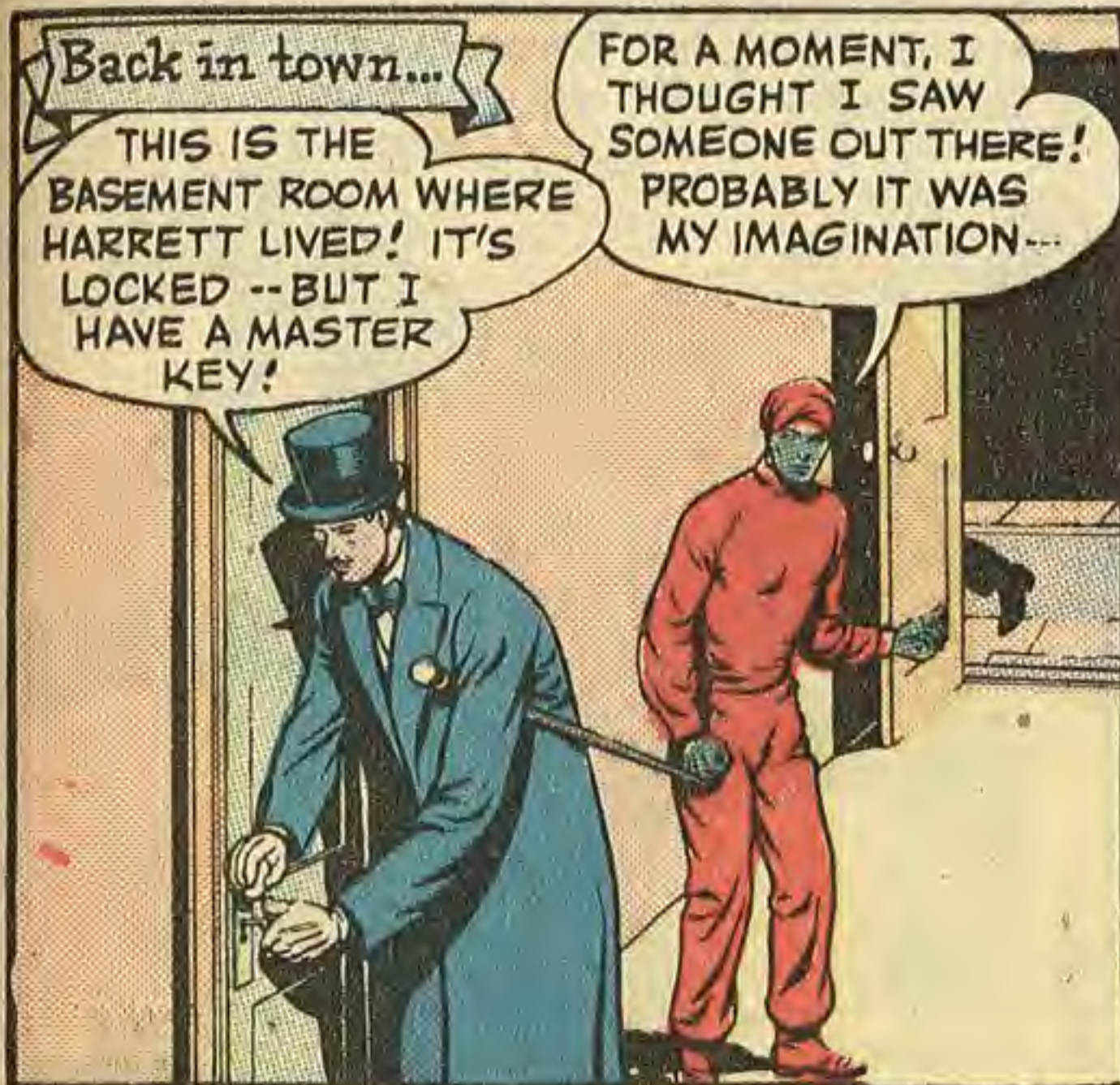


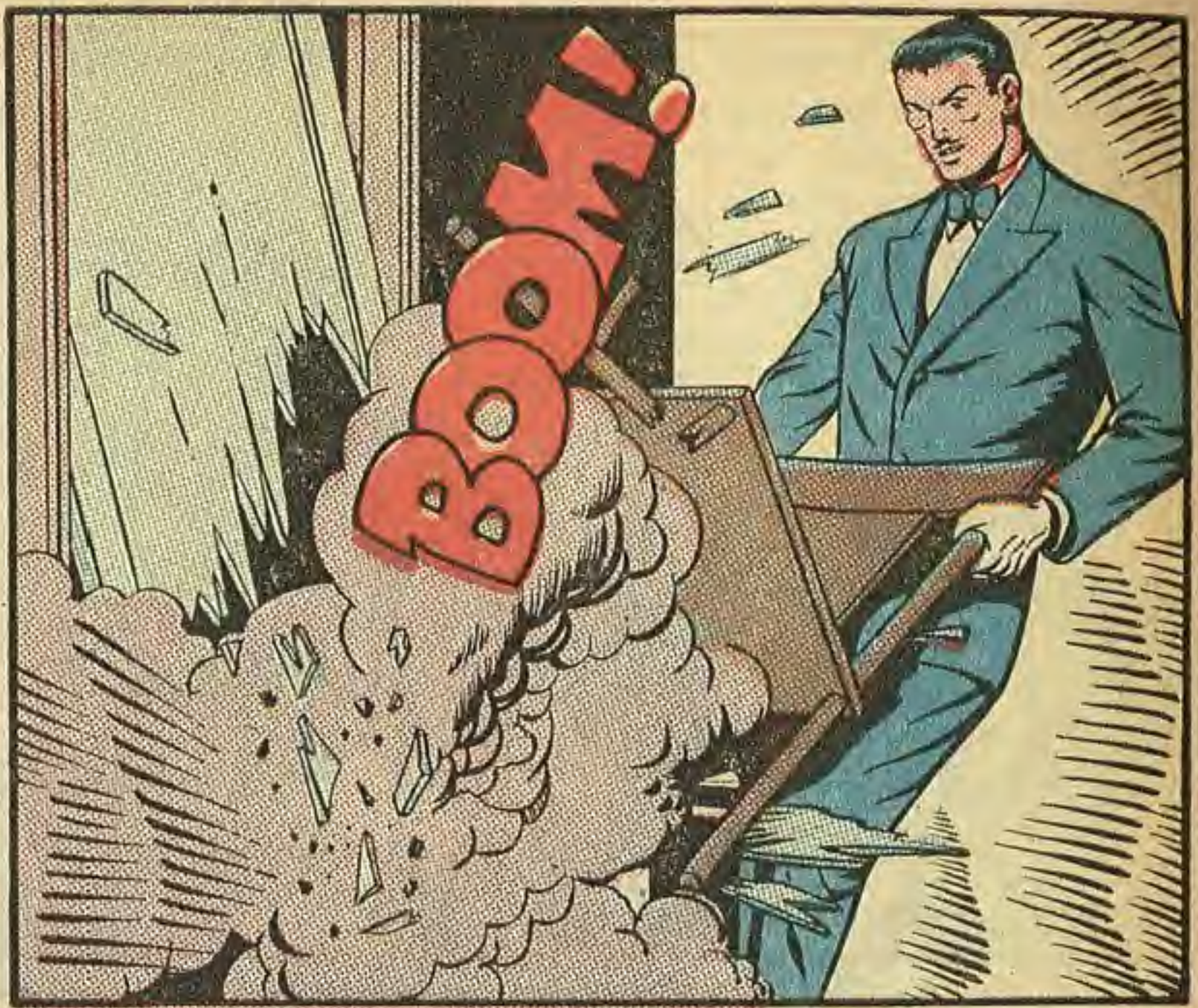
BLACK X! THEY SAY
YOU CAN SENSE
A CRIME ---

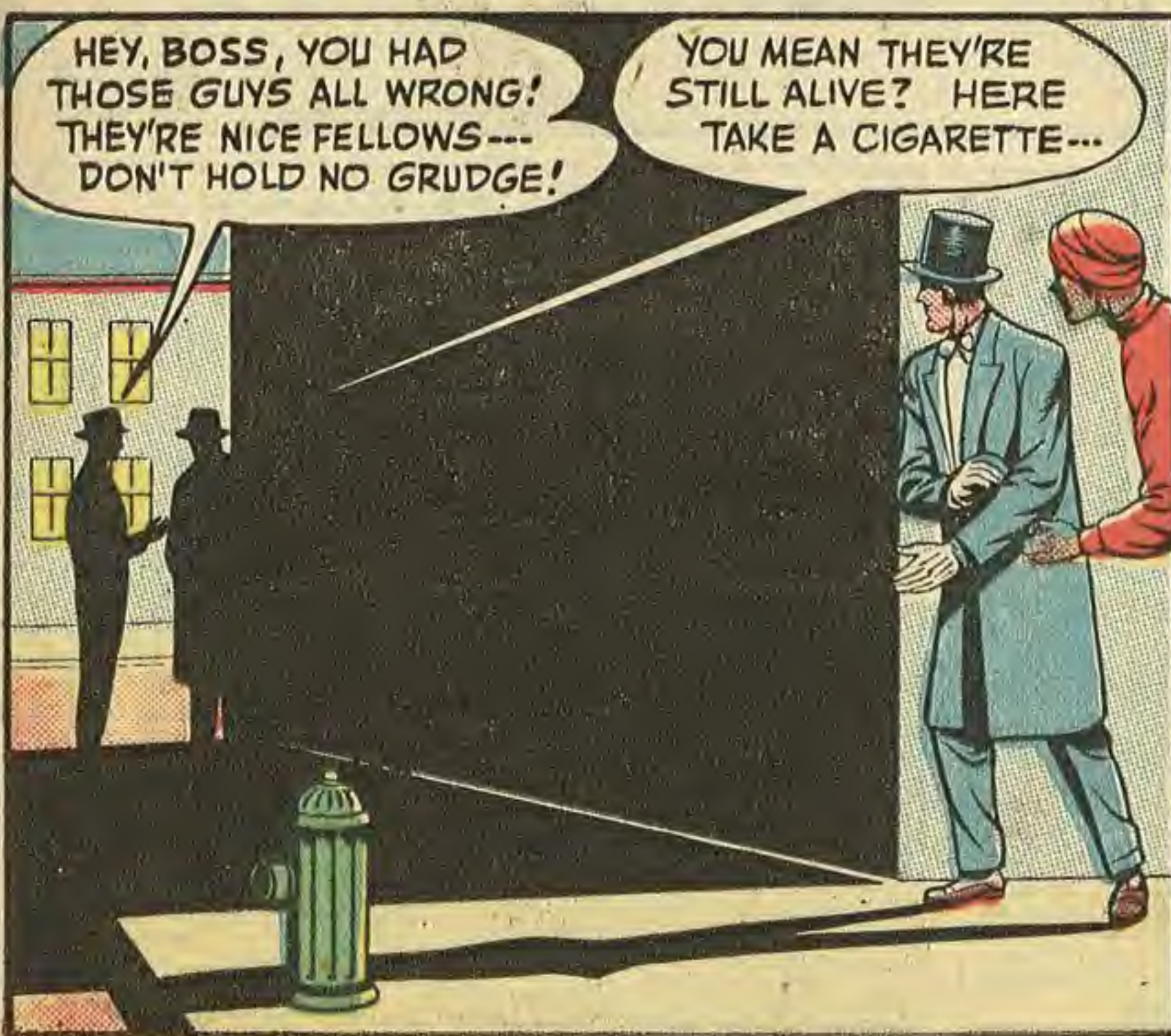
--FARTHER THAN A
BLOODHOUND! CALL
THE POLICE!



















BOY IT'S KEEN! "G-BOY" REPEATING CAP PISTOL

- RAPID FIRING! • LOOKS LIKE A REAL "45"
- ACTUALLY SMOKES ON FIRING
- HAS LOUD EXPLOSIVE REPORT

It's a thriller. Yes! Looks and feels like the Automatic "45's" carried by our Army Officers... with a plastic "Pearl" handle. Easy to reload. Any boy would

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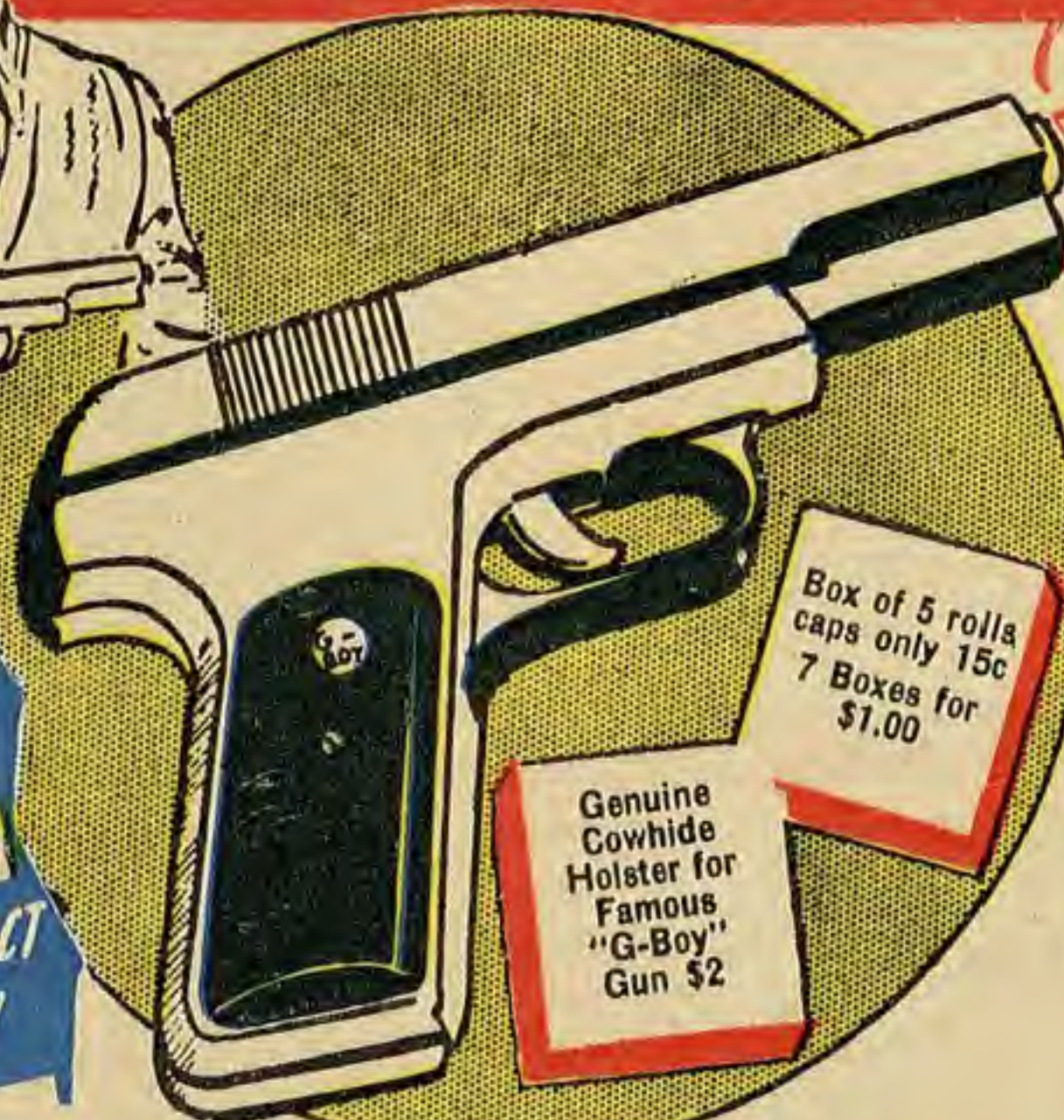
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